SATYRS
UPON THE
JESUITS:
Written in the YEAR 1679.
Upon occasion of the
PLOT,
Together with the
Satyr against Vertue,
AND
Some other PIECES by
the same HAND.

LONDON:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author might here (according to the laudable cuſtom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with a Diſcourſe of the Original, Progreſs, and Rules of Satyr, and let him underſtand, that he has lately Read Caſaubon, and ſeveral other Criticks upon the Point, but at preſent he is minded to wave it, as a vanity he is in no wiſe fond of. His only intent now is to give a brief account of what he Publiſhes, in order to prevent what cenſures he foreſees may colourably be paſt thereupon: And that is, as followeth:

What he calls the Prologue, *is in imitation of* Persius, *who has prefix'd somewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs, and may serve for a pretty good Authority. The first Satyr he drew by* Sylla's Ghost *in the great* Johnson, *which may be perceiv'd by some strokes and touches therein, however short they come of the Original. In the second, he only follow'd the swing of his own Genius. The Design, and some passages of the third were taken out of the* Franciscan *of* Buchanan. *Which ingenuous confession he thinks fit to make, to shew he has more modesty than the common Padders in Wit of these times. He doubts, there may be some few mistakes in Chronology therein, which for want of Books he could not inform himself in. If the skilful Reader meet with any such, he may the more easily pardon*

them

them upon that score. Whence he had the hint of the fourth, is obvious to all, that are any. thing acquainted with Horace. *And without the Authority of so great a President, the making of an Image speak, is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects, that some will tax him of Buffoonery, and turning holy things into ridicule. But let them Read, how severely* Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, *and the graveſt* Fathers, *have rally'd the fopperies and superstitions of the Heathen, and then consider, whether those, which he has chosen for his Argument, are not as worthy of laughter. The only difference is, that they did it in Prose, as he does in Verse, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.*

As for the next Poem (which is the moſt liable to cenſure) though the World has given it the Name of the Satyr againſt Vertue, *he declares 'twas never deſign'd to that intent, how apt ſoever ſome may be to wreſt it. And this appears by what is ſaid after it, and is diſcernable enough to all, that have the ſence to underſtand it. 'Twas meant to abuſe thoſe, who valued themſelves upon their Wit and Parts in praiſing Vice, and to ſhew, that others of ſober Principles, if they would take the ſame liberty in Poetry, could ſtrain as high rants in Profaneſs as they. At firſt he intended it not for the publick, nor to paſs beyond the privacy of two or three Friends, but ſeeing it had the Fate to ſteal abroad in Manuſcript, and afterwards in Print, without his knowledge; he now thinks it a juſtice due to his*

his own Reputation, to have it come forth without those faults, which it has ſuffer'd from Tranſcribers and the Preſs hitherto, and which make it a worſe Satyr upon himſelf, than upon what it was deſign'd.

Something ſhould be ſaid too of the laſt Triſle, if it were worth it. 'Twas occaſion'd upon Reading the late Tranſlations of Ovid's Epiſtles, which gave him a mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Thoſe being already foreſtal'd, he thought fit to make choice of this of the ſame Poet, whereon perhaps he has taken too much liberty. Had he ſeen Mr. Sandys his Tranſlation before he begun, he never durſt have ventur'd: Since he has, and finds reaſon enough to deſpair of his undertaking. But now 'tis done, he is loath to burn it, and chooſes rather

to give somebody else the trouble. The Reader may do as he pleases, either like it, or put it to the use of Mr. Jordan's *Works. 'Tis the first attempt, he ever made in this kind, and likely enough to be the last, his vein (if he may be thought to have any) lying another way.*

SATYRS

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PROLOGUE.

FOr who can longer hold? when every *Preſs*,
The *Bar* and *Pulpit* too has broke the peace?
When every ſcribling *Fool* at the alarms
Has drawn his Pen, and riſes up in Arms?
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
But vents his gall in *pamphlet* up and down?
When all with licenſe *rail*, and who will not,
Muſt be almoſt ſuſpected of the *PLOT*,
And bring his *Zeal*, or elſe, his parts in doubt?

In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
In vain their weak *Artillery* oppoſe:
Miſtaken honeſt Men, who gravely *blame*,
And hope that *gentle Doctrine* ſhould reclaim.
Are *Texts* and ſuch exploded trifles fit
T' impoſe and ſham upon a *Jeſuit?*
Would they the dull Old *Fiſher-men* compare
With mighty *Suarez* and great *Eſcobar?*
Such threadbare proofs and ſtale *Authorities*
May *Us* poor ſimple *Heretics* ſuffice:
But to a ſear'd *Ignatian's* conſcience,
Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
Whoſe faith is contradiction-bore, whom lies,
Nor nonſence, nor impoſſibilities,
Nor ſhame, nor death, nor damning can aſſail;
Not theſe mild fruitleſs methods will avail.
'Tis pointed *Satyr* and the *ſharps* of wit
For ſuch a *prize* are th' only weapons fit:
Nor needs theſe *art* or *genious* here to uſe,
Where *indignation* can create a muſe:

Should

Should Parts and Nature fail, yet very ſpite
Would make the arrant'ſt *Wild*, or *Withers* write.
It is reſolv'd: henceforth an endleſs War,
I and my Muſe with them and theirs declare;
Whom neither open *malice* of the *Foes*,
Nor private *daggers*, nor *Saint Omer's doſe*,
Nor all that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd and ſworn revenge deter.
Sooner ſhall falſe *Court favourites* prove juſt
And faithful to their King's and Country's truſt:
Sooner ſhall *they* detect the tricks of *State*,
And knav'ry ſuits and bribes and flatt'ry hate:
Bawds ſhall turn *Nuns*, *Salt* D——s grow chaſt,
And paint and pride and lechery deteſt:
Popes ſhall for *Kings ſupremacy* decide,
And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be tried:
Sooner (which is the great'ſt impoſſible)
Shall the vile brood of *Lojols* and *Hell*
Give o're to Plot, be villains, and rebel;

Than I with utmoſt ſpite and vengeance ceaſe
To perſecute and plague their curſed race.
The rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Women's Pride*
Contemn'd and ſcorn'd, or *proffer'd luſt* denied:
The malice of *religious* angry *Zeal*,
And all *caſhier'd reſenting ſtateſmen* feel:
What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to write,
And ſell their very ſouls to Hell for ſpite: (write,
All this urge on my rank envenom'd ſpleen,
And with keen Satyr edge my ſtabbing Pen:
That its each home-ſet thruſt their blood may draw,
Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw.
Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand diſgrace
So deep,, no time ſhall e're the marks deface:
Till my ſevere and exemplary doom
Spread wider than their guilt, till I become
More dreaded than the *Bar*, and frighten worſe
Than damning *Popes Anathema's* and curſe.

SATYR I.

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Garnet's Ghost *addressing to the* Jesuits, *met in private Cabal just after the Murder of* Godfrey.

BY *hell* 'twas bravely done! what less than this?
What *sacrifice* of meaner worth & price
Could we have offer'd up for our success?
So fare all they, who're provoke our hate,
Who by like ways presume to tempt their fate;
Fare each like this bold medling *Fool*, and be
As well *secur'd*, as well *dispatch'd* as he:
Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain
His reeking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein!
That were a glorious *sanction*, much like thine,
Great *Roman!* made upon a like design:

Like thine? we ſcorn ſo mean a *Sacrament*,
To ſeal and conſecrate our high intent,
We ſcorn baſe blood ſhould our great league cement:
Thou didſt it with a ſlave, but we think good
To bind our Treaſon with a bleeding God.
Would it were *His* (why ſhould I fear to name,
Or you to hear't?) at which we nobly aim!
Lives yet that hated *en'my* of our *cauſe*?
Lives *He* our mighty projects to oppoſe?
Can *His* weak innocence and Heaven's care
Be thought ſecurity from what *we* dare?
Are you then *Jeſuits*? are you ſo for nought?
In all the *Catholick* depths of Treaſon taught?
In *orthodox* and *ſolid* pois'ning read?
In each profounder art of killing bread?
And can *you* fail, or bungle in your trade?
Shall one poor *life* your cowardice upbraid?
Tame daſtard ſlaves! who your *profeſſion* ſhame,
And fix diſgrace on our great *Founder*'s name.

Think

Think what late *Sect'ries* (and ignoble crew,
Not worthy to be rank'd in ſin with you)
Inſpir'd with loſty wickedneſs, durſt do:
How from his throne they hurl'd a *Monarch* down,
And doubly eas'd him of both Life and Crown:
They ſcorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,
In open face of heav'n the work they did,
And brav'd its vengeance, and its pow'rs defied.
This is his *Son*, and mortal too like him,
Durſt you uſurp the glory of the crime;
And dare ye not? I know, you ſcorn to be
By ſuch as *they* outdone in villany,
Your proper *province*; true, you urg'd them on,
Were engins in the fact; but they alone
Share all the open credit and renoun.

But hold! I wrong our *Church* and *Cauſe*, which
No foreign inſtance, nor what others did: (need
Think on that matchleſs *Aſſaſſin*, whoſe name
We with juſt pride can make our happy claim;

He, who at killing of an *Emperour*,
To give his poiſon ſtronger force and pow'r
Mixt a *God* with't, and made it work more ſure:
Bleſt memory! which ſhall thro' Age to come
Stand ſacred in the liſts of *Hell* and *Rome*.

Let our great *Clement*, and *Ravillac*'s name,
Your Spirits to like heights of ſin inflame;
Thoſe mighty *Souls*, who bravely choſe to die
T'have each a *Royal Ghoſt* their company:
Heroick Act! and worth their tortures well,
Well worth the ſuff'ring of a double Hell,
That they felt here, and that below they feel.

And if theſe cannot move you, as they ſhou'd,
Let *me* and *my example* fire your blood:
Think on my vaſt attempt, a glorious deed,
Which durſt the Fates have ſuffer'd to ſucceed,
Had rival'd *Hell*'s moſt proud *exploit* and *boaſt*,
Ev'n *that*, which wou'd the *King of fates* depos'd,
Curſt be the day, and ne're in time inrol'd,
And curſt the Star, whoſe ſpiteful influence rul'd
The luckleſs Minute, which my project ſpoil'd:

Curſe on that *Pow'r*, who, of himſelf afraid,
My glory with my brave deſign betray'd:
Juſtly he fear'd, leſt I, who ſtrook ſo high
In guilt, ſhould next blow up his Realm and Sky;
And ſo I had; at leaſt I would have durſt,
And failing, had got off with Fame at worſt.
Had you but half my bravery in Sin,
Your work had never thus unfiniſh'd bin:
Had I bin Man, and the great act to do;
H'ad dy'd by this, and bin what I am now,
Or what *His Father* is: I would leap Hell
To reach *His* Life, tho in the midſt I fell,
And deeper than before. ——

Let rabble Souls of narrow aim and reach
Stoop their vile Necks, and dull Obedience preach:
Let them with Slaviſh aw (diſdain'd by me)
Adore the purple Rag of Majeſty,
And think't a ſacred Relick of the Sky:
Well may ſuch Fools a baſe Subjection own,
Vaſſals to every *Aſs*, that loads a Throne:

Unlike

Unlike the ſoul, with which *proud I* was born,
Who could that ſneaking thing a *Monarch* ſcorn,
Spurn off a Crown, and ſet my foot in ſport
Upon the head, that wore it, trod in dirt.
But ſay, what is't, that binds your hands? do's fear
From ſuch a glorious action you deter?
Or is't Religion? but you ſure diſclaim
That, frivolous pretence, that empty name:
Meer bugbare-word, devis'd by *Us* to ſcare
The ſenſleſs rout to ſlaviſhneſs and fear,
Ne're known to aw the brave, and thoſe that dare.
Such weak and feeble things may ſerve for checks
To reign and curb baſe-mettled *Hereticks*;
Dull creatures, whoſe nice bogling conſciences
Startle, or ſtrain at ſuch ſlight crimes as theſe;
Such, whom fond inbred honeſty befools,
Or that old muſty piece the *Bible* gulls:
That hated *Book*, the bulwark of our *foes*,
Whereby they ſtill uphold their tott'ring cauſe.

Let

Let no such toys mislead you from the road
Of glory, nor infect your Souls with good:
Let never bold incroaching Virtue dare
With her grim holy face to enter there,
No, not in very *Dream*: have only will
Like *Fiends* and *Me* to covet and act ill:
Let true substantial wickedness take place,
Usurp and Reign; let it the very trace
(If any yet be left) of good deface.
If ever qualms of inward cowardice (rise
(The things, which some dull sots call conscience)
Make them in streams of Blood & slaughter drown,
Or with new weights of guilt still press 'em down
Shame, faith, religion, honour, loyalty,
Nature it self, whatever checks there be
To loose and uncontroul'd impiety,
Be all extinct in you; own no remorse
But that you've balk'd a sin, have bin no worse,
Or too much pitty shewn. ——

Be

Be diligent in mischief's Trade; be each
Performing as a *Dev'l*; nor stick to reach
At Crimes most dangerous; where bold despair,
Mad lust and heedless blind revenge would ne're
Ev'n look, march you without a blush, or fear,
Inflam'd by all the hazards, that oppose,
And firm, as burning *Martyrs*, to your Cause.

Then you're true *Jesuits*, then you're fit to be
Disciples of great *Loyola* and *Me*:
Worthy to *undertake*, worthy a *Plot*
Like *this*, and fit to scourge an *Huguenot*.

Plagues on that *Name!* may Swift confusion seize,
And utterly blot out the curled Race:
Thrice damn'd be that *Apostate Monk*, from whom
Sprung first these *Enemies* of *Us* and *Rome*:
Whose pois'nous Filth dropt from ingendring Brain,
By monstrous Birth did the vile *Insects* spawn,
Which now infest each Country, and defile
With their o'respreading swarms this goodly *Ile*.

Once

Once it was ours, and ſubject to our Yoke,
'Till a late *reigning Witch* th' Enchantment broke:
It ſhall again: *Hell* and *I* ſay't: have ye
But courage to make good the Propheſie:
Not Fate it ſelf ſhall hinder. ——

Too ſparing was the time, too mild the day,
When our great *Mary* bore the *Engliſh* ſway:
Unqueen-like pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.
Four or five hundred, ſuch-like petty ſum
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*,
Scarce worth the naming: had I had the Pow'r,
Or bin thought fit t' have bin her *Councellor*,
She ſhould have rais'd it to a nobler ſcore.
Big *Bonfires* ſhould have blaz'd and ſhone each day,
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way:
And when 'twas dark, in every Lane and Street
Thick flaming *Heretick* ſhould ſerve to light
And ſave the needleſs Charge of *Links* by night:

Smith.

Smithfield ſhould ſtill have kept a conſtant fire,
Which never ſhould be quench'd, never expire,
But with the lives of all the *miſcreant rout*,
Till the laſt gaſping breath had blown it out.
So *Nero* did, ſuch was the prudent courſe
Taken by all his mighty ſucceſſours,
To tame *like Heretick* of old by force:
They ſcorn'd dull reaſon and pedantick rules
To conquer and reduce the harden'd *Fools*:
Racks, gibbets, halters were their arguments,
Which did moſt undeniably convince:
Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the diſpute,
And reverend *Bears* their doctrins did confute:
And all, who would ſtand out in ſtiff defence,
They gently *claw'd* and *worried* into ſence:
Better than all our *Sorbon dotards* now,
Who would by dint of words our *Foes* ſubdue;
This was the riged *diſcipline* of old,
Which modern ſots for *Perſecution* hold:

Of which dull *Annaliſts* in ſtory tell
Strange *legends*, and huge bulky *volumes* ſwell
With *Martyr'd Fools*, that loſt their way to hell.

From theſe, our *Church*'s glorious *Anceſtours*,
We've learnt our arts & made their methods ours:
Nor have we come behind, the leaſt degree,
In acts of rough and manly cruelty:
Converting faggots and the pow'rful ſtake
And Sword reſiſtleſs our *Apoſtles* make.

This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
Were all the num'rous *proſelites* of *Huſs*
Cruſh'd with their head: So *Waldo*'s curſed rout,
And thoſe of *Wickliff* here were rooted out, (choſe,
Their names ſcarce left. Sure were the means, we
And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the droſs
Of thoſe foul *hereſies*, and ſoveraign *Steel*
Lopt off th' infected limbs the *Church* to heal.

Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his deed,
A deed, for which the day deſerves its *red* (deed,
Far more than for a paltry *Saint*, that died:
Of

How

How goodly was the Sight! how fine the Show!
When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow
The blood of *Huguenots*; when the full *Sein*,
Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o'reran!
He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal
By parcels and piecemeal; he scorn'd *Retail*
I'th' Trade of Death: whole Myriads died by th' great,
Soon as one single life; so quick their Fate,
Their very Pray'rs and Wishes came too late.
This a *King* did: and great and mighty 'twas,
Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r, and Place,
And worthy our *Religion* and our *Cause*:
Unmatch'd 't had bin, had not *Mac-quire* arose,
The bold *Mac-quire* (who, read in modern Fame,
Can be a Stranger to his Worth and Name?)
Born to outsin a *Monarch*, born to *Reign*
In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain:
Dread Memory! whose each mention still can make
Pale *Hereticks* with trembling Horrour quake.

T'undo

T'undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a crime
Like his, who would not fall and die like him?
Never had *Rome* a nobler ſervice done,
Never had *Hell*; each day came thronging down
Vaſt ſhoals of Ghoſts, and *mine* was pleas'd & glad,
And ſmil'd, when it the brave revenge ſurvey'd.
Nor do I mention theſe great Inſtances
For bounds and limits to your wickedneſs:
Dare you beyond, ſomething out of the road
Of all example, where none yet have trod,
Nor ſhall hereafter: what mad *Catiline*
Durſt never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign,
Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confeſs,
How much a *Chriſtian* Crime can conquer his:
How far in gallant miſchief overcome,
The *old* muſt yield to *new and modern Rome*,
Mix *Ills* paſt, preſent, future, in one act;
One high, one brave one great, one glorious Fact,
Which *Hell* and *very I* may envy ——
Such as a *God* himſelf might wiſh to be

A Complice in the mighty *villany*
And barter 's *heaven*, and vouchſafe to die.
Nor let Delay (the bane of Enterprize)
Marr yours, or make the great importance miſs.
This *fact* has wak'd your *Enemies* and their fear;
Let it your vigour too, your haſte, and care.
Be ſwift, and let your deeds foreſtall intent,
Foreſtall even wiſhes ere they can take vent,
Nor give the Fates the leiſure to prevent.
Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap
Your gath'ring thunder, now with ſudden clap
Break out upon your *Foes*; daſh and confound,
And ſcatter wide deſtruction all around.
Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give light;
You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.
Do't more effectually; I'd ſee it glow
In flames unquenchable as thoſe below.
I'd ſee the *Miſcreants* with their *houſes* burn,
And all together into aſhes turn.

Bend

Bend next your fury to the curſt *Divan*,
That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain
Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the bane.
Unkennel thoſe *State-Foxes*, where they ly
Working your ſpeedy fate and deſtiny.
Lug by the ears the doting *Prelates* thence,
Daſh *Hereſie* together with their Brains
Out of their ſhatter'd heads. Lop off the *Lords*
And *Commons* at one ſtroke, and let your Swords
Adjourn 'em all to th' other world——

Would I were bleſt with fleſh and bloud again,
But to be Actor in that happy Scene!
Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view;
Revenge ſhall take its fill, in ſtate I'le go
With captive *Ghoſts* t'attend me down below.

Let theſe the Handſells of your vengeance be,
Yet ſtop not here, nor flag in cruelty.
Kill like a Plague or *Inquiſition*; ſpare
No Age, Degree, or Sex; onely to wear
A Soul, onely to own a Life, be here

Thought crime enough to loſe't: no time nor (place
Be Sanctuary from your outrages.
Spare not in Churches kneeling *Prieſts* at pray'r,
Though interceding for you, ſlay ev'n there.
Spare not young *Infants* ſmiling at the breſt,
Who from relenting Fools their mercy wreſt:
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
From thence, & drown 'em in their *Mothers* bloud.
Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender cries,
Though proſtrate at your feet with melting eyes
All drown'd in tears; ſtrike home as 'twere in *luſt*,
And force their begging hands to guide the thruſt.
Raviſh at th'Altar, kill when you have done,
Make them your Rapes the Victims to attone.
Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give
To *Age*, juſt crawling on the verge of Life:
Snatch from its leaning hands the weak ſupport,
And with it knock 't into the grave with ſport;
Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry,
You've kindly rid him of his miſery.

Seal

Seal up your ears to mercy, leſt their words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your Swords
(Their tongues too) down their throats; let 'em not dare
To mutter for their Souls a gaſping pray'r,
But in the utt'rance choak 't, and ſtab it there.
'Twere witty handſom malice (could you do't)
To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.
Make Children by one fate with Parents die,
Kill ev'n *revenge* in next Poſterity:
So you'll be peſter'd with no Orphans cries,
No childleſs Mothers curſe your memories.
Make Death and Deſolation ſwim in bloud
Throughout the *Land*, with nought to ſtop the *flood*
But ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes; till the whole *Iſle*
Become one *tomb*, become one *funeral pile*;
Till ſuch vaſt numbers ſwell the countleſs ſumm,
That the wide Grave and wider Hell want room.
Great was that *Tyrants* wiſh, which ſhould be mine,
Did I not ſcorn the leavings of a ſin;

Freely I would beſtow't on *England* now, (grow,
That the whole Nation with one neck might
To be ſlic'd off, and you to give the blow.
What neither *Saxon* rage could here inflict,
Nor *Danes* more ſavage, nor the barbarous *Pict*;
What *Spain* nor *Eighty eight* could ere deviſe,
With all its *fleet* and *fraught* of cruelties;
What ne're *Medina* wiſh'd, much leſs could dare,
And bloudier *Alva* would with trembling hear;
What may ſtrike out dire Prodigies of old,
And make their mild and gentler acts untold.
What Heav'ns Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
Forein Invaſions, nor Domeſtick Wars,
Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do;
All this and more be dar'd and done by you.
But why do I with idle talk delay
Your hands, and while they ſhould be acting, ſtay?
Farewell——
If I may waſte a pray'r for your ſucceſs,
Hell be your aid, and your high projects bleſs!

May

May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,
That meanly ſhrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any here feel pity or remorſe,
May he feel all I've bid you act, and worſe!
May he by rage of Foes unpitied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell.
May's Name and Carcaſe rot, expos'd alike to be
The everlaſting mark of grinning infamy.

SATYR II.

NAy, if our ſins are grown ſo high of late,
That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our fate;
May't pleaſe ſome milder vengeance to deviſe
Plague, Fire, Sword, Dearth, or any thing but this.
Let it rain ſcalding ſhowres of *Brimſtone* down,
To burn us, as of old the *Inſtful Town*:
Let a new *deluge* overwhelm agen,
And drown at once our Land, and Lives, and Sin.
Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,
To have theſe worſt of *Ills* remov'd away.
Judgments of other kinds are often ſent
In mercy onely, not for puniſhment:
But where theſe light, they ſhew a Nations fate
Is given up and paſt for reprobate.
When God his ſtock of wrath on *Egypt* ſpent,
To make a ſtubborn *Land* and *King* repent,
Sparing the reſt, had he this one Plague ſent;

For

For this alone his *People* had been quit,
And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Proſelyte*.

Wonder no longer why no *cure* like theſe
Was known or ſuffer'd in the primitive days:
They never ſinn'd enough to merit it,
'Twas therefore what Heavens juſt pow'r thought fit,
To ſcourge this later and more ſinful age
With all the *dregs and ſqueeſings* of his rage.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit
For all her loſs ſuſtain'd in *Eighty eight*;
For all the Ills our warlike *Virgin* wrought,
Or *Drake* or *Rawleigh* her great Scourges brought.
Amply was ſhe reveng'd in that one birth, (forth;
When Hell for her the *Biſcain* Plague brought
Great Counter-plague! in which unhappy we
Pay back her ſufferings with full uſury:
Than whom alone none ever was deſign'd
T'entail a wider curſe on Human kind,
But *he* who firſt begot us, and firſt ſinn'd.

Happy

Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,
(Leſs damn'd at leaſt, and leſs accurſt than now)
If early with leſs guilt in War th'hadſt dy'd,
And from enſuing miſchiefs Mankind freed.
Or when thou view'dſt the *Holy Land* and *Tomb*,
Th'hadſt ſuffer'd there thy *brother Traytors* doom.
Curſt be the womb that with the *Firebrand* teem'd,
Which ever ſince has the whole Globe inflam'd;
More curſt that ill-aim'd *Shot*, that baſely miſt
That maim'd a *limb*, but ſpar'd thy hated *breſt*,
And made th' at once a *Cripple* and a *Prieſt*.

But why this wiſh? The *Church* if ſo might lack
Champions, *Good works*, and *Saints* for the *Almanack*.
Theſe are the *Janizaries* of the *Cauſe*,
The *Life Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, choſe
To break the force of *Huguenots* and *Foes*.
The Churches *Hawkers in Divinity*,
Who 'ſtead of *Lace* and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry:
Romes Strowlers, who ſurvey each Continent,
Its *trinkets* and *commodities* to vent.

Export the *Gospel* like mere *ware* for sale,
And truck'd for *Indigo* and *Cutchineal*.
As the known *Factors* here the *Brethren* once
Swopt *Christ* about for *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Spoons*.
And shall these great *Apostles* be contemn'd,
And thus by scoffing Hereticks defam'd?
They by whose means both *Indies* now enjoy
The two choice blessings *Pox* and *Popery*;
Which buried else in ignorance had been,
Nor known the worth of *Beads* and *Bellarmine*.
It pitied holy *Mother Church* to see
A world so drown'd in gross *Idolatry*.
It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold
Bad *Errors*, and unpardonable *Gold*.
Strange! what a godly zeal can *Coyn* infuse!
What charity *Pieces of Eight* produce!
So you were chose the fittest to reclaim
The *Pagan* World, and give't a *Christian* Name.
And great was the success; whole Myriads stood
At *Font*, and were *baptiz'd* in their own bloud.

Millions

Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn
Before their time, be damn'd before their turn.
Yet these were in compassion sent to Hell,
The rest reserv'd in spite, and worse to feel,
Compell'd instead of *Fiends* to worship *you*,
The more inhuman *Devils* of the two.
Rare way and method of *conversion* this,
To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice!
If to destroy be *Reformation* thought,
A *Plague* as well might the *good work* have wrought.
Now see we why your *Founder* weary grown,
Would lay his former Trade of *Killing* down;
He found 'twas dull, he found a *Gown* would be
A fitter case and badge of cruelty.
Each snivelling *Hero* Seas of Blood can spil,
When wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill.
Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,
When prest by *Wine* or *Punk* to knock o'th' head:
Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who scorns (to be
Prompted by poor Revenge or Injury,
But does it of true inbred cruelty:

Your cool and sober *Murderer*, who prays
And stabs at the same time, who one hand has
Stretch'd up to Heav'n, t'other to make the Pass.

So the late *Saints* of blessed memory,
Cut throats in godly pure sincerity:
So they with lifted hands and eyes devout
Said Grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the first Traitor *Cain* (too good to be
Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)
His bloudy Tragedy of old design'd,
One death alone quench'd his revengful mind,
Content with but a quarter of Mankind:
Had he been *Jesuit*, had he but put on
Their savage cruelty, the rest had gone:
His hand had sent old *Adam* after too,
And forc'd the Godhead to create anew. (thought

And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but
Bare sin: 'tis something ev'n to own a fault.
But here the boldest flights of wickedness
Are stampt *Religion*, and for currant pass.

The

The blackeſt, uglieſt, horrid'ſt, damned'ſt deed,
For which *Hell flames*, the *Schools* a little need,
If done for *Holy Church* is ſanctified.
This conſecrates the bleſſed *Work* and *Tool*,
Nor muſt we ever after think 'em foul.
To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,
Are thus but petty trifles, venial things,
Not worth a *Confeſſor*; nay Heav'n ſhall be
It ſelf invok'd t'abet th' impiety.

"Grant, gracious Lord, *(Some reverend Villain*
"That this the bold Aſſertor of our *Cauſe* *(prays)*
"May with ſucceſs accompliſh that great end,
"For which he was by thee and us deſign'd.
"Do thou t'his Arm and Sword thy ſtrength im-
"And guide 'em ſteddy to the *Tyrants* heart. (part,
"Grant him for every meritorious thruſt
"Degrees of bliſs above among the Juſt;
"Where holy *Garnet* and S. *Guy* are plac'd,
"Whom works like this before have thither rais'd.

Where

" Where they are interceding for us now;
" For sure they're there. Yes questionless, and so
Good *Nero* is and *Diocletian* too,
And that great ancient Saint *Herostratus*,
And the late godly *Martyr* at *Tholouse*.

Dare something worthy *Newgate* and the *Tow'r*,
If you'l be *canonize'd* and Heav'n ensure.
Dull *primitive Fools* of old! who would be good?
Who would by vertue reach the blest abode?
Far other are the ways found out of late,
Which Mortals to that happy place translate:
Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,
The chief Ingredients now of *Saintship* are,
And *Tyburn* onely stocks the *Calendar*.

Unhappy *Judas*, whose ill fate or chance
Threw him upon gross times of ignorance;
Who knew not how to value or esteem
The worth and merit of a glorious crime!
Should his kind Stars have let him acted now,
Had dy'd *absolv'd*, and dy'd a *Martyr* too.

Hear'st

Hear'ſt thou, great God, ſuch daring blaſphemy,
And letſt thy patient Thunder ſtill lie by?
Strike and avenge, leſt impious *Atheiſts* ſay,
Chance guides the world, & has uſurp'd thy ſway;
Leſt theſe proud proſperous *Villains* too confeſs,
Thou'rt ſenſleſs, as they make thy Images.
Thou juſt and ſacred Power! wilt thou admit
Such Gueſts ſhould in thy glorious preſence ſit?
If Heav'n can with ſuch company diſpenſe,
Well did the *Indian* pray, Might he keep thence.

But this we onely feign, all vain and falſe,
As their own *Legends*, *Miracles*, and *Tales*;
Either the groundleſs calumnies of ſpite,
Or idle rants of Poetry and Wit.

We wiſh they were: but you hear *Garnet* cry,
"I did it, and would do't again; had I
"As much of Bloud, as many Lives as *Rome*
"Has ſpilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom*;
"As many Souls as Sins; I'de freely ſtake
"All them and more for *Mother Churches* ſake.

For

For that I'll stride o're Crowns, swim through a Flood,
"Made up of slaughter'd *Monarch's* Brains and Blood.
" For *that* no *lives* of *Hereticks* I'll spare,
" But reap 'em down with less remorse and care
" Than *Tarquin* did the poppy-heads of old,
" Or we drop beads, by which our prayer's are told.
Bravely resolved? and 'twas as bravely dar'd
But (lo!) the Recompence and great Reward,
The *wight* is to the *Almsmack* preferr'd.
Rare motives to be damn'd for holy Cause,
A few *red letters*, and some *painted straws*.
Fools! who thus truck with Hell by *Mohatra*
And play their Souls against no stakes away.
'Tis strang with what an holy impudence
The Villian *caught*, his innocence maintains:
Denies with oaths the fact untill it be
Less guilt to own it then the perjury:
By th' *Mass* and blessed *Sacraments* he swears,
This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,
And the whole muster-roll in *Calendars*.

Not yet ſwallow the Falſehood? if all this
Won't gain a reſty Faith; he will on's Knees
The *Evangeliſts* and *Ladie's Pſalter* kiſs
To vouch the Lye: nay more, to make it good
Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heaven and God.
Damn'd faithleſs *Heretick*s, hard to convince,
Who truſt no Verdict, but dull obvious Senſe.
Unconſcionable *Courts*, who *Prieſts* deny
Their *Benefit o'th Clergy*, Perjury.
Room for the *Martyr'd Saints*! behold they come!
With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom?
Not *Knights o'th Poſt*, nor often carted *Whores*
Shew more of Impudence, or leſs Remorſs.
O glorious and heroick Conſtancy!
That can forſwear upon the *Cart*, and die
With gaſping Souls expiring in a Lye.
None but tame Sheepiſh *Criminals* repent,
Who fear that idle Bugbear Puniſhment:
Your Gallant Sinner ſcorns that Cowardice,
The poor regret of having done amiſs:
Brave he, to his firſt Principles ſtill true,

Can

Can face Damnation, Sin with Hell in view:
And bid it take the Soul, he does bequeath
And blow it thither with his dying Breath.
Dare such as these profess *Religions* Name?
Who, should they own't, and be believed, would shame
It's Practice out o'th World, would *Atheists* make
Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?
Is *Heaven* for such, whose Deeds make *Hell* too good
Too mild a *Penance* for their cursed Brood?
For whose unheard-of Crimes and damned Sake
Fate must below new sorts of Torture make,
Since, when of old it fram'd that place of Doom,
'Twas thought no Guilt like this could thither come
Base recreant Souls! would you have Kings trust you?
Who never yet kept your Allegiance true
To any but *Hell's Prince?* who with more ease
Can swallow down most solemn Perjuries
Than *Bullies* common Oaths and canting Lies?
Are the *French Harries* Fates so soon forgot?

Our last blest *Tudor*? or the *Powder-Plot*?
And those fine Streamers that adorned so long
The *Bridge* and *Westminister*, and yet had hung,
Were they not stoln, and now for *Relicks* gone?
Think *Tories* loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters*;
Rob'd *Tygers* gentle; courteous, fasting *Bears*,
Atheists devout, and thrice-wrack'd *Mariners*:
Take *Goats* for Chast, and cloyster'd *Marmosites*,
For plain and open two-edg'd Parasites:
Believe *Bawds* modest, and the shameless *Stews*,
And binding *Drunkard Oaths, and Strumpet's Vows*:
And when in them these Contradictions meet,
Then hope to find 'em in a *Loyolite*:
To whom, tho gasping, should I credit give,
I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like unbelief.
Oh for the *Swedish* Law enacted here!
No Scarecrow frightens like a *Priest-Gueldar*:
Hunt them, as *Beasts* are, force them to buy
Their Lives with Ransom of their Lechery.
Or let that wholsome *Statute* be reviv'd,
Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd:

Tax

Tax every *Shire* instead of them to bring
Each Year a certain Tale of *Jesuits* in:
And let their mangled Quarters hang the *Ile*
To scare all future Vermin from the Soil.
Monsters avaunt! may some kind Whirlwind sweep
Our Land and drown these *Locusts* in the deep:
Hence ye loth'd Objects of our Scorn and Hate,
With all the Curses of an injur'd *State*:
Go foul *Impostors*, to some duller Soil,
Some easier *Nation* with your *Cheats* beguile:
Where your gross common *Galleries* may pass,
To *stur* and *top* on *bubbled Consciences*:
Where *Ignorance* and th' *Inquisition* Rules,
Where the vile Herd of poor *Implicit Fools*
Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led
Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank and pay their Guide.

Go where all your black *Tribe*, before are gon,
Follow *Chastel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,
Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thousands more,
And those, who hence have lately rais'd the Score.
Where the *Great Traitor* now and all the Crew

Of his *Disciples* must receive their Due:
Where Flames and Tortures of Eternal Date
Must punish you, yet ne're can expiate:
Learn duller *Fiends* your unknown Cruelties,
Such as no Wit, but yours could ere devise,

No Guilt but yours deserve; make *Hell* confess
It self out done, its *Devils* damn'd for less.

SATYR III.

Loyola's *Will.*

LOng had the fam'd *Impostor* found Success,
Long seen his damn'd Fraternities increase,
In Wealth and Power, Mischief and Guile improv'd
By Popes, and Pope-rid Kings upheld and lov'd:
Laden with Years, and Sins, and numerous Skars,
Got some it'h Field, but most in other Wars,
Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,
Grown ripe for Hell, and *Roman* Calendar,
He thinks it worth his Holy Thoughts and Care,
Some hidden Rules and Secrets to impart,
The Proofs of long Expecience, and deep Art,
Which to his Successors may useful be
In conduct of their future Villany.
Summon'd together, all th' Officious Band
The Orders of their Bed-rid Chief attend;
Doubtful, what Legacy he will bequeath,

And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:
With ſuch quick Duty Vaſſal Fiends below
To meet commands of their Dread Monarch go.
On Pillow rais'd, he do's their Entrance greet,
And joys to ſee the Wiſh'd Aſſembly meet:
They in glad Murmurs tell their Joy aloud,
Then a deep Silence ſtills th' expecting Croud.
Like *Delphick* Hag of old by Fiend poſſeſt,
He ſwells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting Breſt,
His briſtling Hairs ſtick up, his Eye-Balls glow,
And from his Mouth long flakes of Drivel flow:
Thrice with due Reverence he himſelf doth croſs,
Then thus his Helliſh Oracles diſcloſe.
Ye firm Aſſociates of my great Deſign,
Whom the ſame Vows, and Oaths, and Order joyn,
The faithful Band, whom I, and *Rome* have choſe,
The laſt Support of our declining Cauſe:
Whoſe Conquering Troops I with Succeſs have led
Gainſt all Oppoſers of our Church, and Head;
Who e're to the mad *German* owe their Riſe,
Geneva's Rebel, or the hot-brain'd *Swiſs*;

Revolted

Revolted Heretick's, who late have broke,
And durst throw off the long-worn Sacred Yoke:
You, by whose happy Influence *Rome* can boast
A greater Empire, than by *Luther* lost:
By whom wide Nature's far-stretch't Limits now,
And utmost *India* to its Crosier Bow:

Coon, ye mighty Champions of our Cause,
Maintain our Party, and subdue our Foes:
Kill Heresy, that rank and poisonous Weed,
Which threatens now the Church to overspread:
Fire *Calvin*, and his Nest of Upstarts out,
Who tread our Sacred Mitre under Foot;
Stray'd *Germany* reduce; let it no more
Th' incestuous *Monk* of *Wittenburge* adore:
Make Stubborn *England* once more stoop its Crown,
And Fealty to our Priestly Soveraign own:
Regain our Church's Rights, the *Island* clear
From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.
Plot, enterprize, contrive, endeavour: spare
No toil nor Pains: no death nor Danger fear:

Restless

Reſtleſs your Aims purſue: let no defeat
Your ſprightly Courage, and Attemps rebate,
But urge to freſh and bolder, ne're to end
Till the whole world to our great *Califf* bend:
Till he thro' every Nation every where
Bear Sway, and Reign as abſolute as here:
Till *Rome* without Controul and Conteſt be
The Uniuerſal Ghoſtly Monarchy.
Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would give,
And let me to that happy Juncture live:
But 'tis decreed! ---- at this he paus'd and wept,
The reſt alike time with his Sorrow kept:
Then thus continued he ---- Since unjuſt Fate
Envies my race of Glory longer date;
Yet, as a wounded General, e're he dies,
To his ſad Troops, ſighs out his laſt Advice,
Who tho' they muſt his fatal Abſence moan,
By thoſe great Leſſons conquer when he's gone;
So I to you my laſt Inſtructions give,
And breath out Counſel with my parting Life:

Let each to my important words give Ear,
Worth your Attention, and my dying Care.
First, and the chiefest thing by me enjoyn'd.
The Solemn'st tie, that must your Order bind,
Let each without demur, or scruple pay
A strict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway:
To the unerring Chair all Homage Swear,
Altho' a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend sit there:
Who e're is to the Sacred Mitre rear'd,
Believe all Vertues with the place conferr'd:
Think him establish'd there by Heaven, tho' he
Has Altars rob'd for Bribes the choice to buy,
Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony:
Tho' he be Atheist, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
Blaspheamer, Sacriligious, Perjured too:
Tho' Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,
What e're Old *Sodoms* Nest of Lechers were:
Tho' Tyrant, Traitor, Pois'oner, Parricide,
Magician, Monster, all that's bad beside:
Fouler than Infamy; the very Lees,
The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-shore of Vice:

Strait

Strait count him Holy, Vertuous, Good, Devout,
Chaſt, Gentle, Meek, a Saint, a God, what not?
Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have
Pow'r to Predeſtinate without his leave:
None be admitted there, but who he pleaſe,
Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.
Hold theſe amongſt the higheſt rank of Saints,
Whom e're he to that Honour ſhall advance,
Tho' here the Refuſe of the Jail and Stews,
Whom Hell it ſelf would ſcarce for lumber chuſe:
But count all Reprobate, and Damn'd, and worſe,
Whom he, when Gout, or Tiſſick Rage, ſhall curſe:
Whom he in anger Excommunicates
For *Fryday* Meale and abrogating Sprats,
Or in juſt Indignation ſpurnes to Hell
For jeering holy Toe and Pantofle.
What e're he ſayes eſteem for Holy Writ,
And text Apocryphal if he think fit:
Let arrant Legends, worſt of Tales and Lies,
Falſer than *Capgraves* and *Voraginis*,

Than

Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul*,
If signed with Sacred Lead, and Fisher's Seal,
Be thought Authentick and Canonical.
Again, if he ordain't in his Decrees,
Let very Gospel for meer Fable pass:
Let Right be Wrong, Black White, and Vertue Vice,
No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes:
Forswear your Reason, Conscience, and your Creed,
Your very Sense, and *Euclid*, if he bid.
Let it be held less heinous, less amiss,
To break all Gods Commands, than one of his:
When his great Missions call, without delay,
Without reluctance readily Obey,
Nor let your Inmost Wishes dare gainsay:
Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,
Or farthest Bounds of *Southern* unknown Land,
Farther than Avarice its Vassals drives,
Thro' Rocks and Dangers, loss of Blood and Lives;
Like great *Xavier's* be your Obedience shown,
Outstrip his Courage, Glory and Renown;

Whom

Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep Despair,
Nor scorching Heats of Burning Lime could scare:
Whom Seas nor Storms, nor Wracks could make
refrain
From propagating Holy Faith and Gain.
If he but nod Commissions out to kill,
But becken Lives of Hereticks to spill;
Let th' *Inquisition* rage, fresh Cruelties
Make the dire Engins groan with tortured Cries:
Let *Campo Flori* every Day be show'd,
With the warm Ashes of the *Lutheran* Brood:
Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters ore,
And *Piedmont* Valleys drown'n with floating Gore:
Swifter than Murthering Angels, when they fly
On Errands of avenging Destiny.
Fiercer than Storms let loose, with eager hast,
Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature wast.
Sack, ravish, burn, destroy, slay, massacre,
Till the same Grave their Lives and Names interr.
These are the Rights to our great *Mufty* due,
The sworn Allegiance of your Sacred Vow:

What

What elſe we in our Votaries require,
What other Gifts next follows to enquire.
And firſt it will our great Advice befit,
What Souldiers to your Liſts you ought admit,
To Natures of the Church and Faith, like you,
The foremoſt rank of Choice is juſtly due
'Mongſt whom the chiefeſt place aſſign to thoſe,
Whoſe Zeal has moſtly Signaliz'd the Cauſe.
But let not Entrance be to them denied,
Who ever ſhall deſert the adverſe Side:
Omit no Promiſes of Wealth and Power,
That may inveigled Hereticks allure:
Thoſe whom great learning, parts, or wit renowns
Cajole with Hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns,
Provincialſhips, and Palls, and Triple Crowns.
This muſt a Rector, that a Proveſt be,
A third ſucceed to the next Abbacy:
Some Princes Tutors, others Confeſſors
To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors:
Theſe are ſtrong Arguments, which ſeldom fail,
Which more than all your weak diſputes prevail.

Ex-

Exclude not those of less defert, decree
To all Revolters your Foundation free:
To all whom Gaming, Drunkenness, or Luſt
To Need and Popery ſhall have reduc'd:
To all, whom ſlighted Love, Ambition croſt,
Hopes often bilk't, and Sought Preferment loſt,
Whom Pride, or Diſcontent, Revenge or Spite,
Fear, Frenzy, or Deſpair ſhall Proſelite:
Thoſe Powerful Motives, which the moſt bring in,
Moſt Converts to our Church and Order win.
Reject not thoſe, whom Guilt and Crimes at home
Have made to us for Sanctuary come:
Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind
Here quick admittance, and ſafe Refuge find:
Be they from Juſtice of their Country fled
With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treaſons died;
No Varlet, Rogue, or Miſcreant refuſe,
From Gallies, Jails, or Hell it ſelf Broke looſe.
By this you ſhall in Strength and Members grow
And ſhoals each day to your thron'gd Cloyſters flow:

So

So *Rome's* and *Mecca's* first great Founders did,
By such wise Methods may their Churches spread.
When shaven Crown, and hallowed Girdle's Power
Has dub'd him Saint, that Villain was before;
Enter'd, let it his first Endeavour be
To shake off all remains of Modesty,
Dull sneaking Modesty, not more unfit
For needy flattering Poets, when they writ,
Or trading Punks, than for a *Jesuit*:
If any Novice feel at first a blush,
Let Wine, and frequent converse with the Stews
Reform the Fop, and shame it out of Use,
Unteach the puling Folly by Degrees,
And train him to a well-bred Shamefulness.
Get that great Gift and Talent, Impudence,
Accomplish't Mankind's highest Excellence:
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate;

Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
An Aſs a Biſhop, can vileſt Blockheads rear
To wear Red Hats, and ſit in Porph'ry Chair.
'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Senſe,
Worth, Merit, Honour, Vertue, Innocence.
Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,
How ſmall a Dram does the juſt Compound make.
As much as is by Crafty *States-men* worn
For Faſhion only, or to ſerve a turn:
To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,
Think it enough the empty Form to have:
The outward Show is ſeemely, cheap and light,
The Subſtance Cumberſome, of Coſt and Weight:
The Rabble judge by what appears to th' Eye,
None, or but few the Thoughts within Deſcry.
Mak't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r
To ſtalk behind, and hit your Mark more ſure:
A Cloak to cover well-hid *Knavery*,
Like it when us'd, to be with eaſe thrown by:
A ſhifting Card, by which your Courſe to ſteer,
And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer.

Let

Let no nice, holy, Conſcientious Aſs
Amongſt your better Company find place,
Me and your great Foundation to diſgrace:
Let Truth be baniſh't, ragged Vertue fly,
And poor unprofitable Honeſty;
Weak Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray;
To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey:
Theſe lie remote and wide from Intereſt,
Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *Eaſt* from *Weſt*,
Far as they e're were diſtant from this breſt.
Think not your ſelves t' Auſterities confin'd,
Or thoſe ſtrict Rules, which other Orders bind:
To *Capuchins*, *Carthuſians*, *Cordeliers*
Leave Penance, meager abſtinence, and Prayers:
In louſy rags let *begging Friers* ly,
Content on ſtraw, or Boards to mortify:
Let them with Sackcloth diſcipline their Skins,
And ſcourge them for their madneſs and their Sins:
Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's ſtarve,
Who from the Liberties of Nature ſwerve:

Who make't their chief *Religion* not to eat,
And plac't in naſtineſs and want of Meat:
Live you in *Luxury* and pamper'd *Eaſe*,
As if whole Nature were your *Cateresſ*.
Soft be your Beds, as thoſe, which Monarch's *Whore*
Ly on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperours*:
Your *Wardrobes* ſtor'd with choice of Suits, more
Dear
Than *Cardinals* on High Proceſſions wear:
With Dainties load your Board, whoſe every
Diſh,
May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vitellius's Wiſh*,
Each fit a longing *Queen*: let richeſt *Wines*
With *Mirth* your Heads Inflame with *Luſt* your
Veins:
Such as the Friends of Dying *Popes* would give
For *Cordials to prolong* their *gaſping Life*.
Ner'e let the *Nazarene*, whoſe Badge and Name
You wear, upbraid you with a Conſcious Shame
Leav

Leave him his ſlighted *Homilies* and *Rules*,
To ſtuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schooles*:
Diſdain that he and the poor angling *Tribe*,
Should Laws and Government to you preſcribe:
Let none of thoſe good Fools your *Patterns make*;
Inſtead of them, the mighty *Judas* take.
Renown'd *Iſcariot*, fit alone to be
Th' Example of our great Society:
VVhoſe daring Guilt deſpis'd the common *Road*,
And ſcorn'd to ſtoop at Sin beneath a God.
And now 'tis time I ſhould *Inſtructions* give,
VVhat *Wiles* and *Cheats* the Rabble beſt deceive:
Each *Age* and *Sex* their Different *Paſſions* wear,
To ſuit with which requires a prudent Care:
Youth is *Capricious*, *Headſtrong*, *Fickle*, *Vain*,
Given to *Lawleſs Pleaſure*, Age to gain:
Old *Wives* in *Superſtition over-grown*,
VVith *Chimny Tales* and *Stories* beſt are won:
'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to deſcry,
VVhat ſeveral Baits to each you ought apply.

The

The Credulous, and easy of Belief,
With *Miracles*, and well fram'd Lies deceive.
Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud* drain,
Saint *Francis* and Saint *Mahomet's Alcoran*:
Sooner shall *Popes* and *Cardinals* want Pride,
Than you a *Stock* of Lies and Legends need.

Tell how blest *Virgin* to come down was seen,
Like *Play-House Punk* descending in *Machine*:
How she writ *Billets Doux*, and *Love-Discourse*,
Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours*:
How *Hosts* distrest, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,
Which vanquish't *Foes*, and murdered at twelve (*Score*.
Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles met*,
And *Mackril* with Bait of *Doctrine* caught:
How *Cattle* have *Judicious Hearers* been,
And *Stones* pathetically cryed *Amen*:
How consecrated Hive with Bells was hung,
And Bees kept Mass, and Holy *Anthems Sung*:
How *Pigs* to th' *Rosary* kneel'd, and sheep were (taught
To bleat *te Deum* and *Magnificat*:

How

How *Fly-Flap* of Church-Cenſure, Houſes rid
Of Inſects, which at Curſe of *Fryer* dy'd:
How travelling Saint, well *mounted* on a Switch,
Rid *Journies* thro' the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch*:
And ferrying Cowls *Religious Pilgrims* bore
O're waves without the help of *Sail* or Oar.
Nor let *Xaviers* great *Wonders* paſs conceal'd,
How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Wafer* quell'd;
How *zealous Crab* the ſacred Image bore,
And Swam a *Cath'lick* to the diſtant *Shore*.
With Shams like theſe, the giddy *Rout* miſled,
Their *Folly* and their *Superſtition* feed.

'Twas found a good and gainful Art of Old
(And much it did our Churches *Power* uphold)
To feign *Hobgoblings*, *Elves* and walking *Sprites*,
And *Faires* dancing *Salenger* a Nights:
White Sheets for *Ghoſts*, and *Will-a-wiſps* have paſt
For Souls in *Purgatory* unreleaſt.
And Crabs in Church-Yards crawl'd in *Maſquerade*,
To cheat the Pariſh, and have *Maſſes* ſaid.

By this our *Ancestors* in happier Dayes,
Did store of Credit and Advantage raise:
But now the Trade is fall'n, decay'd and Dead,
Ere since *contagious Knowledge* has or'e spread
With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell
Of *Hecla*, *Patricks hole*, and *Mongibel*;
Believ'd no more than Tales of *Troy*, unless
In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance* like this.
Henceforth be wary how such things you feign,
Except it be beyond the *Cape*, or *Line*:
Execpt at *Mexico*, *Brazile*, *Peru*,
At the *Molucco's*, *Goa*, or *Pegu*,
Or any distant or *remoter Place*,
Where they may currant and unquestion'd pass:
VVhere never *poching Hereticks resort*,
To spring the Lye, and mak't their *Game* and *Sport*.
But I forget (what should be *mention'd* most)
Confession our chief Priviledge and *Boast*:
That Staple ware which ne're returns in vain,
Ne're balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.

'Tis

'Tis this that ſpies through Court-intrigues and (brings
Admiſſion to the Cabinets of Kings:
By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,
And make our *Foot-ſtools* of their *Thrones* and *Necks*:
Give 'em *Commands*, and if they *Diſobey*,
Betray 'm to th' Ambitious Heir a Prey:
Hound the Officious Curs on Hereticks,
The Vermin which the Church infeſt and vex:
And when our turn is ſerved, and Buſineſs done,
Diſpatch'em for Reward, as uſeleſs grown:
Nor are theſe half the Benefits and Gains,
VVhich by wiſe Manag'ry accrue from thence:
By this w' unlock the Miſers hoarded Cheſts,
And Treaſure, though kept cloſe as States-mens Breſts:
This does rich VVidows to our Nets decoy,
Lets us their Jointers, and themſelves enjoy:
To us the Merchant does his Cuſtomes bring,
And payes our Duty tho he cheats his King:
To us Court-Miniſters refund, made great
By Robbery and Bank-rupt of the State:

Ours

Ours is the Souldiers Plunder, Padders Prize,
Gabels on Letchery, and the Stews Excise:
By this our Colledges in Riches shine,
And vy with *Becket's* and *Loretto's* Shrine.
And here I must not grudge a word or two
(My younger Vot'ries) of Advice to you:
To you whom Beautie's Charms and generous Fire
Of boiling Youth to sports of Love inspire:
This is your Harvest, here secure and cheap
You may the Fruits of unbought Pleasure reap:
Riot in free and uncontroull'd Delight,
Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite.
Tast every dish of Lust's variety,
VVhich *Popes*, and Scarlet Lechers dearly buy,
VVith Bribes and Bishopricks, and Simony.
But this I ever to your care commend,
Be wary how you openly Offend:
Lest scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our shame,
And fix disgrace on the great Order's fame.
VVhen the ungarded Maid alone repairs
To ease the burthen of her Sins and cares;

VVhen

When youth in each, and privacy conſpire
To kindle wiſhes, and befriend deſire;
If ſhe has Practis'd in the Trade before,
(Few elſe of Proſelytes to us brought o're)
Little of Force, or artifice will need
To make you in the victory ſucceed:
But if ſome untaught Innocence ſhe be,
Rude, and unknown in the myſtery;
She'l coſt more labour to be made comply.
Make her by Pumping underſtand the ſport,
And undermine with ſecret trains the Fort.
Somtimes, as if you'd blame her gaudy dreſs,
Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace;
Find Opportunity her Breaſts to Preſs:
Oft feel her Hand, and whiſper in her ear,
You find the ſecret marks of lewdneſs there:
Somtimes with naughty ſence her bluſhes raiſe,
And make 'em guilt, ſhe never knew, confeſs:
"Thus (may you ſay) with ſuch a leering ſmile,
"So Languiſhing a look you hearts beguile:

"Thus

"Thus with your foot, hand, eye, you tokens ſpeak,
"Theſe Signs deny, theſe Aſſignations make:
"Thus 'tis you clip, with ſuch a fierce embrace
"You claſp your Lover to your Breſt and Face:
"Thus are your hungry lips with Kiſſes cloy'd,
"Thus is your Hand, and thus your Tongue employ'd.

Ply her with talk like this; and, if ſh' encline,
To help devotion give her *Aretine*
Inſtead 'oth' Roſary: never deſpair,
She, that to ſuch diſcourſe will lend an Ear,
Tho' chaſter than cold cloyſter'd Nuns ſhe were,
Will ſoon prove ſoft and pliant to your uſe,
As *Strumpets* on the *Carnaval* let looſe.
Credit experience; I have tri'd 'em all,
And never found th' unerring methods fail:
Not *Ovid*, tho' 'twere his cheif Maſtery,
Had greater Skill in theſe *Intrigues*, than I:
Nor *Nero's* learned *Pimp*, to whom we ow
What choice Records of Luſt are extant now.
This heretofore, when youth, and ſprightly *Blood*
Ran in my Veins, I taſted and enjoy'd:

Ah

Ah thoſe bleſt days! — (here the old Lecher ſmil'd,
With ſweet remembrance of paſt pleaſure fill'd)
But they are gone! Wiſhes alone remain,
And Dreams of joy ne're to be felt again:
To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,
To whom this counſel, and advice I give.
But the dear mention of my gayer days
Has made me farther, than I would, digreſs:
'Tis time we now ſhould in due Place expound,
How guilt is after ſhrift to be atton'd:
Enjoyn no *ſow'r Repentance*, *Tears* and *Grief*;
Eys weep no caſh, and you no profit give:
Sins, tho' of the firſt rate, muſt puniſh'd be,
Not by their own, but th' Actor's Quality:
The Poor, whoſe purſe cannot the Penance bear,
Let whipping ſerve, bear feet, and ſhirts of hair:
The richer Fools to *Compoſtella* ſend,
To *Rome*, *Monſerrat*, or the *Holy Land*:
Let Pardons, and th' Indullgence-Office drain
Their Coffers, and enrich the *Pope's* with gain:

Make

Make 'em build Churches, Monaſteries found,
And dear bought Maſſes for their crimes compound.
Let Law and Goſpel rigid precepts ſet,
And make the paths to Bliſs rugged and ſtrait:
Teach you a ſmooth and eaſier way to gain
Heavn's joys, yet ſweet and uſeful ſin retain:
With every frailty, every luſt comply,
T' advance your Spiritual Realm and Monarchy:
Pull up weak Vertue's fence, give ſcope, and ſpace
And *Purlieus* to *out-lying Conſciences*:
Shew that the Needle's eye may ſtretch, and how
For largeſt *Camel-vices* to go thro'.
Teach how the *Prieſts Pluralities* may buy,
Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony,
While Thoughts and *Ducats* well directed be:
Let Whores adorn his exemplary life,
But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.
Sooth up the *Gaudy Atheiſt*, who maintains
No Law, but Senſe, and *owns no God*, but *Chance*.
Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boiſtrous Ruffian* tell,
He may for Hire, Revenge, or Honour kill:

Bid

Bid *Strumpets* preſeverſe, abſolve'em too,
And take their dues in kind for what you do:
Exhort the painful and Induſtrious *Bawd*
To *Diligence* and *Labour* in her *Trade*:
Nor think her innocent Vocation ill,
Whoſe income do's the ſacred Treaſure fill:
Let Griping Uſurers Extortion uſe,
No *Rapine*, *Falſhood*, *Perjury* refuſe,
Stick at no Crime, *which covetous Popes would ſcarce*
Act to enrich themſelves and *Baſtard-Heirs*:
A ſmall Bequeſt to th' *Church* can all *attone*,
Wipes off all ſcores, and *Heav'n* and *all's their own.*
Be theſe your *Doctrins*, theſe the *Truths you preach*,
But no forbiden *Bible* come in reach:
Your cheats and *Artifices* to *Impeach.*
Leſt thence lay-Fools *Pernicious knowledge gets*
Throw off Obedience, and your Laws forget:
Mak'em belive't a ſpell more dreadfull far
Than *Bacon*, *Haly* or *Albumazar.*
Happy the time, when th' unpretending Crowd
No more, than I, its Language underſtood.

When

When the worm-eaten Book, link'd to a chain,
In dust lay moulding in the *Vatican*;
Despis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none,
But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known:
Then in full pow'r our *Soveraign Prelate sway'd*,
By Kings and all the *Rabble*-World Obey'd:
Here humble *Monarch* at his feet kneel'd down,
And beg'd the Alms and Charity of a Crown:
There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
Poor Scepter'd slaves ran *Henchboys* by his side:
None, tho' in thought, his Grandure durst Blasphem,
Nor in their very sleep a *Treason* Dream.
But since the broaching that mischeivous Piece,
Each *Alderman* a *Father Lumbard* is:
And every Cit dares impudently know
More than a Council, *Pope* and *Conclave too*.
Hence the late *Damned Frier*, and all the crew
Of former Crawling Sects their poision drew:
Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, Rebellions breed,
We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread:
VVhere

Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-coxcomb dare
About him that unlawful Weapon wear;
But charge him chiefly not to touch at all
The dangerous Works of that old *Lollard*, *Paul*;
That arrant *Wickliffiſt*, from whom our Foes
Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cauſe;
Would he in his firſt years had Martyr'd been,
Never *Damaſcus* nor the Viſion ſeen;
Then he our Party was, ſtout, vigorous,
And fierce in chaſe of Hereticks like us:
Till he at length by th' Enemies ſeduc'd,
Forſook us, and the hoſtile ſide eſpous'd.
Had not the mighty *Julian* miſt his aims,
Theſe holy Shreds had all conſum'd in flames:
But ſince th' immortal Lumber ſtill endures,
In ſpite of all his induſtry and ours;
Take care at leaſt it may not come abroad,
To taint with catching Hereſie the Crowd:
Let them be ſtill kept low in ſence, they'l pay
The more reſpect, more readily obey.

Pray that kind Heav'n would on their hearts di-
A bounteous and abundant Ignorance, (ſpenſe
That they may never ſwerve, nor turn awry
From ſound and orthodox Stupidity.

But theſe are obvious things, eaſie to know,
Common to every *Monk* as well as you:
Greater Affairs and more important wait
To be diſcuſs'd, and call for our debate:
Matters that depth require, and well befit
Th'Addreſs and Conduct of a *Jeſuit*. (Throne,
How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what ſhakes a
How the firſt ſeeds of Diſcontent are ſown
To ſpring up in Rebellion; how are ſet
The ſecret ſnares that circumvent a State:
How bubbled Monarchs are at firſt beguil'd,
Trepann'd and gull'd, at laſt depos'd and kill'd.

When ſome proud Prince, a Rebel to our
For disbelieving Holy Churches Creed, (Head,
And *Peter-pence* is Heretick decree'd;

And

And by a ſolemn and unqueſtion'd Pow'r
To Death, and Hell, and You, deliver'd o're:
Chuſe firſt ſome dext'rous Rogue well tried and known,
(Such by Confeſſion your Familiars grown;)
Let him by Art and Nature fitted be
For any great and gallant Villany;
Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,
Which deepeſt Caſuiſts in their ſearches miſs;
Watchful as Jealouſie, wary as Fear,
Fiercer than Luſt, and bolder than Deſpair;
But cloſe as plotting Fiends in Council are.
To him in firmeſt Oaths of Silence bound,
The worth and merit of the Deed propound:
Tell of whole Reams of Pardon new come o're,
Indies of Gold, and Bleſſings endleſs ſtore:
Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,
And if he fail, undoubted Martyrdom:
And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn
On Factors there, and at firſt ſight paid down.

With Arts and Promiſes like theſe allure,
And make him to your great deſign ſecure.
And here to know the ſundry ways to kill,
Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machivel*:
Dull *Northern* Brains in theſe deep Arts unbred,
Know nought but to cut Throats or knock o'th' Head.
No ſlight of Murder of the ſubt'leſt ſhape,
Your buſie ſearch and obſervation ſcape:
Legerdemain of Killing, that dives in,
And juggling ſteals away a Life unſeen:
How gawdy Fate may be in Preſents ſent,
And creep inſenſibly by Touch or Scent:
How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle Pomel may
An unperceiv'd but certain Death convey;
Above the reach of Antidotes, above the pow'r
Of the fam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.
What er'e is known to quaint *Italian* ſpite,
In ſtudied Pois'ning skill'd and exquiſite:
What e're great *Borgia* or his *Sire* could boaſt,
Which the Expence of half the Conclave coſt.

Thus

Thus may the buſineſs be in ſecret done,
Nor Authors nor the Acceſſaries known,
And the ſlurr'd guilt with eaſe on others thrown.
But if ill Fortune ſhould your Plot betray,
And you to mercy of your Foes a prey;
Let none his Crime by weak confeſſion own,
Nor ſhame the Church, while he'd himſelf attone.
Let varniſh'd Guile and feign'd Hypocriſies,
Pretended Holineſs and uſeful Lies,
Your well-diſſembled Villany diſguiſe.
A thouſand wily Turns and Doubles try,
To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:
Cog, ſhamm, outface, deny, equivocate,
Into a thouſand ſhapes your ſelves tranſlate:
Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,
"Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are caught:
Forſwear upon the Rack, and if you fall,
Let this great comfort make amends for all,
Thoſe whom they damn for Rogues next Age ſhall ſee
Made Advocates i'th' Church's Litany.

Who ever with bold Tongue or Pen ſhall dare
Againſt your Arts and Practices declare;
What Fool ſhall e're preſumptuouſly oppoſe,
Your holy Cheats and godly Frauds diſcloſe;
Pronounce him Heretick, Firebrand of Hell,
Turk, *Jew*, Fiend, Miſcreant, Pagan, Infidel;
A thouſand blacker Names, worſe Calumnies,
All Wit can think, and pregnant Spite deviſe:
Strike home, gaſh deep, no Lies nor Slanders ſpare;
A Wound though cur'd, yet leave behind a Scar.
Thoſe whom your Wit and Reaſon can't decry,
Make ſcandalous with Loads of Infamy:
Make *Luther* Monſter, by a Fiend begot, (Foot:
Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven
Make Whoredom, Inceſt, worſt of vice and ſhame,
Pollute and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.
Tell how ſtrange Storms uſher'd his fatal end,
And Hells black Troops did for his Soul contend.
Much more I had to ſay, but now grow faint,
And ſtrength and Spirits for the Subject want:

Be

Be theſe great Myſteries I here unfold,
Amongſt your Order's Inſtitutes enroll'd:
Preſerve them ſacred, cloſe, and unreveal'd;
As ancient *Rome* her *Sybils* Books conceal'd.
Let no bold Heretick with ſawcy eye
Into the hidden unſeen Archives pry;
Leſt the malicious flouting Raſcals turn
Our Church to Laughter, Raillery, and Scorn.
Let never Rack or Torture, Pain or Fear,
From your firm Breſts th'important Secrets tear.
If any treacherous Brother of your own
Shall to the World divulge & make them known,
Let him by worſt of Deaths his Guilt attone.
Should but his Thoughts or Dreams ſuſpected be,
Let him for ſafety and prevention die,
And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secreſie.
But one thing more, and then with joy I go,
Nor ask a longer ſtay of Fate below:

Give me again once more your plighted Faith,
And let each seal it with his Dying Breath:
As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore
The bloudy reeking Altar touch'd, and swore
Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r:
Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the same)
An endless Hatred to the *Lutheran* Name:
Vow never to admit or League, or Peace,
Or Truce, or Commerce with the cursed Race:
Now through all Age, when Time or Place soe're
Shall give you pow'r, wage an immortal War:
Like *Theban* Feuds let yours your selves survive,
And in your very Dust and Ashes live.
Like mine, be your last Gasp their Curse—— At this
They kneel, and all the Sacred Volum kiss;
Vowing to send each year an Hecatomb
Of *Huguenots* an Offering to his Tomb.

In

In vain he would continue —— Abrupt Death
A Period puts, and ſtops his impious Breath:
In broken Accents he is ſcarce allow'd
To faulter out his Bleſſing on the Crowd.
Amen is echo'd by Infernal Howl,
And ſcrambling Spirits ſeize his parting Soul.

SA-

THE
Fourth Satyr
Upon the
JESUITS.

SATYR IV.

S. Ignatius *his Image brought in, discovering the* Rogueries *of the* Jesuits, *and ridiculous Superstition of the* Church of Rome.

ONce I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,
Thrown out a Pissing-post for every Dog:
The Workman yet in doubt what course to take,
Whether I'd best a Saint or Hog-trough make,
After debate resolv'd me for a Saint,
And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent:
And well I may resemble him, for he
As stupid was, as much a Block as I.
My right Leg maim'd at halt I seem to stand,
To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* sustain'd.

My Sword and Souldiers Armour here had been,
But they may in *Monserrats* Church be seen:
Those there to *blessed Virgin* I laid down
For Cassock, Surcingle, and shaven Crown,
The spiritual Garb in which I now am shown.
With due Accoutrements and fit disguise
I might for Centinel of Corn suffice:
As once the well-hung *God* of old stood guard,
And the invading Crows from Forrage scar'd.
Now on my Head the Birds their Reliques leave,
And Spiders in my mouth their Arras weave.
And persecuted Rats oft find in me
A Refuge and religious Sanctuary.
But you profaner *Hereticks*, who e're
The *Inquisition* and its vengeance fear,
I charge stand off, at peril come not near:
None at twelve score untruss, break wind, or piss;
He enters *Fox* his Lists that dares transgress:

For I'm by Holy Church in reverence had,
And all good Catholick Folk implore my aid.
These Pictures which you see my Story give,
The Acts and Monuments of me alive:
That Frame wherein with Pilgrims weeds I stand,
Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land.*
This me and my Decemvirate at *Rome,*
When I for Grant of my great Order come.
There with Devotion rapt I hang in Air,
With Dove (like *Mahomets)* whisp'ring in my ear.
Here *Virgin* in Galesh of Clouds descends,
To be my safeguard from assaulting Fiends.
Those Tables by, and Crutches of the lame,
My great Atchievments since my death proclaim:
Pox, Ague, Dropsie, Palsie, Stone, and Gout,
Legions of Maladies by me cast out,
More than the *College* know, or ever fill
Quacks Wiping Paper and the Weekly Bill.

What

What *Peter*'s ſhadow did of old, the ſame
Is fancied done by my all pow'rful Name;
For which ſome wear 't about their Necks and Arms,
To guard from Dangers, Sickneſſes, and Harms;
And ſome on Wombs the barren to relieve,
A Miracle I better did alive.
Oft I by crafty *Jeſuit* am taught
Wonders to do, and many a juggling Feat.
Sometimes with Chaffing Diſh behind me put,
I ſweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot Houſe ſhut,
And drip like any Spitchcock'd *Huguenot*.
Sometimes by ſecret Springs I learn to ſtir,
As Paſte-board Saints dance by miraculous Wire:
Then I *Tradeſcant*'s Rarities outdo,
Sands Waterworks and *German* Clockwork too,
Or any choice Device at *Bartholmew*.
Sometimes I utter Oracles by Prieſt,
Inſtead of a Familiar poſſeſt.

The

The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
And cauſe Amazement in the gaping Rout.
Such holy Cheats, ſuch *Hocus* Tricks as theſe,
For Miracles amongſt the Rabble paſs.
By this in their Eſteem I daily grow,
In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too.
This draws each year vaſt Numbers to my Tomb,
More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come.
This brings each week new Preſents to my Shrine,
And makes it thoſe of *Indian* Gods outſhine.
This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Croſs,
Another maſſie Candleſticks beſtows:
Some Altar Cloths of coſtly work and price,
Pluſh, Tiſſue, Ermin, Silks of nobleſt Dies,
The *Birth* and *Paſſion* in Embroideries:
Some Jewels, rich as thoſe th'*Ægyptian* Punk
In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk.

Some offer gorgeous Robes, which ſerve to wear
When I on Holydays in ſtate appear;
When I'm in pomp on high Proceſſions ſhown,
Like Pageants of Lord Mayor or *Skimmington*.
Lucullus could not ſuch a Wardrobe boaſt,
Leſs thoſe of Popes at their Election coſt;
Leſs thoſe, which *Sicily*'s Tyrant heretofore
From plunder'd Gods and *Jove*'s own Shoulders tore.
Hither as to ſome Fair the Rabble come,
To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome*;
Where Prieſts like Mountebanks on Stage appear,
T'expoſe the Frippery of their hallow'd Ware:
This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,
The Shop where all their ſtaple Drugs are made;
Preſcriptions and Receipts to bring in Gain,
All from the Church Diſpenſatories ta'en.
The Pope's Elixir, Holy Water's here,
Which they with Chymick Art diſtill'd prepare:
Choice

Choice above *Goddards* Drops, and all the Traſh
Of modern Quacks; this is that Sovereign Waſh
For fetching Spots and Morphew from the Face,
And ſcowring dirty Cloaths and Conſciences.
One drop of this, if us'd, had pow'r to fray
The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara*:
This would have ſilenc'd quite the *Wiltſhire Drum*,
And made the prating Fiend of *Maſcon* dumb.
That Veſſel conſecrated Oyl contains,
Kept ſacred as the fam'd *Ampoulle of France*;
Which ſome profaner *Hereticks* would uſe
For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, and Boots, and Shooes:
This makes the Chriſm, which mixt with Snot of Prieſts,
Anoints young Catholicks for the Church's liſts;
And when they're croſt, confeſt, and die; by this
Their lanching Souls ſlide off to endleſs Bliſs:
As *Lapland* Saints when they on Broomſticks fly,
By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode
And ſafe Repoſitory of their God.
A Croſs is fix'd upon't the Fiends to fright,
And Flies which would the Deity beſhite;
And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive,
And to lewd Scoffers cauſe of ſcandal give.
Here are perform'd the Conjurings and Spells,
For Chriſtning Saints, and Hawks and Carriers Bells;
For hallowing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and Bawms,
Shrines, Croſſes, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs:
Of wondrous virtue all (you muſt believe)
And from all ſorts of Ill preſervative;
From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,
Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all.
Here Beads are bleſt, and *Pater noſters* fram'd,
(By ſome the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)
Which of their Pray'rs and Oraiſons keep tale,
Leſt they and Heav'n ſhould in the reck'ning fail.

Here

Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,
Are by Prieſts breath perfum'd and ſanctified;
Made ſome of Wax, of *Hereticks* Tallow ſome,
A Gift which *Iriſh Emma* ſent to *Rome*:
For which great Merit worthily (we're told)
She's now amongſt her Country Saints inroll'd.
Here holy Banners are reſerv'd in ſtore,
And Flags, ſuch as the fam'd *Armado* bore:
And hallow'd Swords and Daggers kept for uſe
When reſty Kings the Papal Yoke refuſe:
And conſecrated Ratsbane, to be laid
For *Heretick* Vermin which the Church invade.
But that which brings in moſt of Wealth and Gain,
Does beſt the Prieſts ſwoln Tripes and Purſes ſtrain;
Here they each week their conſtant Auctions hold
Of Reliques, which by Candles Inch are ſold:
Saints by the dozen here are ſet to ſale,
Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.

Hither are loads from emptied Charnels brought,
And Voiders of the Worms from *Sextons* bought,
Which ſerve for Retail through the World to vent,
Such as of late were to the *Savoy* ſent:
Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets ſhorn,
And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn;
Like thoſe which ſome old Hag at midnight ſteals,
For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,
Are paſt for ſacred to the cheap'ning Rout;
And worn on Fingers, Breaſts, and Ears about.
This boaſts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit
Of good S. *George*, S. *Patrick*, or S. *Kit*.
Theſe Locks S. *Bridgets* were, and thoſe S. *Clares*;
Some for S. *Catharines* go, and ſome for *hers*
That wip'd her *Saviours* feet, waſh'd with her tears.
Here you may ſee my wounded Leg, and here
Thoſe which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*.

Here

Here may you the grand *Traitor*'s Halter ſee,
Some call't the Arms of the Society:
Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux* his not,
That was embezl'd by the *Huguenot*.
Here *Garnet*'s Straws, and *Becket*'s Bones and Hair,
For murd'ring whom ſome Tails are ſaid to wear,
As learned *Capgrave* does record their fate,
And faithful *Britiſh* Hiſtories relate.
Thoſe are S. *Laurence* Coals expos'd to view,
Strangly preſerv'd and kept alive till now.
That's the fam'd *Wildefortis* wondrous Beard,
For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant ſpar'd.
Yon is the *Baptiſt*'s Coat, and one of's Heads,
The reſt are ſhewn in many a place beſides;
And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,
As on their Belts ſix Operators wear.
Here Bleſſed *Maries* Milk, not yet turn'd ſour,
Renown'd (like Aſs's) for its healing pow'r,
Ten *Holland* Kine ſcarce in a year give more.

Here

Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,
Fellow to that which once reliev'd *Poictiers*;
Beſides her *Husbands* Utenſils of Trade,
Wherewith ſome prove that Images were made.
Here is the Souldiers Spear, and Paſſion Nails,
Whoſe quantity would ſerve for building *Paul's*:
Chips ſome from Holy Croſs, from *Tyburn* ſome,
Honour'd by many a *Jeſuits* Martyrdom:
All held of ſpecial and miraculous Pow'r,
Not *Tabor* more approv'd for Agues cure:
Here Shooes, which once perhaps at *Newgate* hung,
Angled for Charity that paſt along,
Now for S. *Peter's* go, and th' Office bear
For Prieſts, they did for leſſer Villains there.
These are the Fathers Implements and Tools,
Their gawdy Trangums for inveigling Fools:
Theſe ſerve for Baits the ſimple to enſnare,
Like Children ſpirited with Toys at Fair.

Nor

Nor are they half the Artifices yet,
By which the Vulgar they delude and cheat:
Which should I undertake, much easier I
Much sooner might compute what Sins there be
Wip'd off and pardon'd at a *Jubilee*.
What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each year,
Or Vices treated on by *Escobar*:
How many Whores in *Rome* profess the Trade,
Or greater numbers by Confession made.
One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell
The Bounds, Dimensions, and Extent of Hell;
How far and wide th' Infernal Monarch reigns,
How many *German* Leagues his Realm contains:
Who are his Ministers, pretends to know,
And all their several Offices below:
How many Chaudrons he each year expends
In Coals for roasting *Huguenots* and Fiends:

And with as much exactneſs ſtates the caſe,
As if h'ad been Surveyor of the place.
Another frights the Rout with ruful Stories,
Of wild *Chimera's*, *Limbo's*, *Purgatories*,
And bloated Souls in ſmoaky durance hung,
Like a *Weſtphalia* Gammon or Neats Tongue,
To be redeem'd with Maſſes and a Song.
A good round Summ muſt the Deliverance buy,
For none may there ſwear out on poverty.
Your rich and bounteous Shades are onely eas'd,
No *Fleet* or *Kings Bench* Ghoſts are thence releas'd.
A third the wicked and debauch'd to pleaſe,
Crys up the vertue of Indulgences,
And all the rates of Vices does aſſeſs;
What price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,
And Cuſtoms for each Sin imported there:
How you at beſt advantages may buy
Patents for Sacrilege and Simony.

What Tax is in the Leach'ry-Office laid
On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the Trade:
What coſts a Rape, or Inceſt, and how cheap
You may an Harlot or an Ingle keep;
How eaſie Murder may afforded be
For one, two, three, or a whole Family;
But not of *Hereticks*, there no Pardon lacks,
'Tis one o'th' Churches meritorious Acts.
For venial Trifles leſs and ſlighter Faults,
They ne're deſerve the trouble of your thoughts.
Ten *Ave Maries* mumbled to the Croſs
Clear ſcores of twice ten thouſand ſuch as thoſe:
Some are at ſound of chriſten'd Bell forgiven,
And ſome by ſquirt of Holy Water driven:
Others by Anthems plaid are charm'd away,
As men cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.
But nothing with the Crowd does more enhance
The value of theſe holy *Charlatans*,

Than

Than when the Wonders of the Mass they view;
Where spiritual Jugglers their chief Mast'ry shew
Hey Jingo, Sirs! What's this? 'tis Bread you see;
Presto be gone! 'tis now a Deity.
Two grains of Dough, with Cross and stamp of Priest,
And five small words pronounc'd, make up their Christ.
To this they all fall down, this all adore,
And strait devour what they ador'd before:
Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a bit,
To be digested, and at length beshit:
From Altar to Close Stool or Jakes preferr'd,
First Wafer, next a God, and then a ——
'Tis this that does th'astonish'd Rout amuse,
And Reverence to shaven Crown infuse:
To see a silly, sinful, mortal Wight
His Maker make, create the Infinite.
None boggles at th'impossibility;
Alas, 'tis wondrous heavenly Mystery!

None dares the mighty God-maker blaſpheme,
Nor his moſt open Crimes and Vices blame:
Saw he thoſe hands that held his God before,
Strait grope himſelf, and by and by a Whore;
Should they his aged Father kill or worſe,
His Siſters, Daughters, Wife, himſelf too force.
And here I might (if I but durſt) reveal
What pranks are plaid in the Confeſſional:
How haunted Virgins have been diſpoſſeſt,
And Devils were caſt out to let in Prieſt:
What Fathers act with Novices alone,
And what to Punks in ſhriving Seats is done;
Who thither flock to Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
To clear old debts, and tick with Heav'n for more.
Oft have I ſeen theſe hallow'd Altars ſtain'd
With Rapes, thoſe Pews with Buggeries profan'd:
Not great *Cellier*, nor any greater Bawd,
Of Note and long experience in the Trade,
Has more and fouler Scenes of Luſt ſurvey'd.

But

But I theſe dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,
For fear I ſhould the *Inquiſition* feel.
Should I tell all their countleſs Knaveries,
Their Cheats, and Shamms, and Forgeries, and Lies.
Their Cringings, Croſſings, Cenſings, Sprinklings,
Chriſms,
Their Conjurings, and Spells, and Exorciſms;
Their motly Habits, Manciples, and Stoles,
Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, and
Cowls.
Should I tell all their ſeveral Services,
Their Trentals, Maſſes, Dirges, Roſaries;
Their ſolemn Pomps, their Pageants, and Parades,
Their holy Maſques, and ſpiritual Cavalcades,
With thouſand Antick Tricks and Gambols more;
'Twould ſwell the ſumm to ſuch a mighty ſcore,
That I at length ſhould more volum'nous grow,
Than *Crabb*, or *Surius*, lying *Fox*, or *Stow*.
Believe what e're I have related here,
As true as if 'twere ſpoke from Porph'ry Chair.

If

If I have feign'd in ought or broach'd a Lie,
Let worſt of Fates attend me, let me be
Piſt on by Porter, Groom, and Oyſter-whore,
Or find my Grave in Jakes and Common-ſhore:
Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder-plot*,
The ſport of every ſneering *Huguenot*.
There like a Martyr'd Pope in Flames expire,
And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

SA-

A SATYR AGAINST VERTUE.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut carcere dignum
Si vis esse aliquis— Juven. Sat.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, 1680.

TO THE READER.

THIS had never ſeen the Light, but that the Publiſher does propoſe Gain to himſelf by it; and Intereſt you know governs the World. It cannot, I am ſure, do much hurt, for that there are but few will underſtand it; and for the more ingenious, I hope, they will make better uſe of it.

T. A.

A

POEM:

Supposed to be spoken by a Town-Hector.

PINDARIQUE,

In imitation of Mr. *Cowley*.

NOW Curses on ye all, ye vertuous Fools,
Who think to fetter free-born souls,
And tie 'um up to dull morality and rules.
The Stagyrite be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of Learned Idiots, who his steps pursue;
And those more silly Proselytes whom his fond precepts drew
Oh, had his Ethicks been with their wild Author drown'd,
Or a like Fate which those lost Writings found

Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,
And made by unjuſt Flames expire:
They ne're had then ſeduc'd Morality,
Ne're laſted to debauch the world with their lewd Pedantry.
But damn'd and more (if Hell can do't) be that their curſed name,
Who e're the Rudiments of Law deſign'd;
Who e're did the firſt model of Religion frame,
By nought before but their own power or will confin'd:
Now quite abridged of all their Primitive Liberty
And ſlaves to each capricious Monarchs Tyranny.
More happy Brutes who the great Rule of Senſe obſerve,
And ne're from their firſt Charter ſwerve.
Happy whoſe lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no ſting of ſin which may their bliſs annoy.
Still unconcern'd at Epithets of ill or good,
Diſtinctions, unadulterate Nature never underſtood.

2. Hence

2.

Hence hated Vertue from our godly Isle,
No more our joys beguile,
No more with thy loath'd presence plague our happy state,
Thou enemy to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave, or great.
Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,
To some unfruitful unfrequented Land,
And there an Empire gain,
And there extend thy rigorous command:
There where illiberal Natures nigardise
Has set a Tax on Vice.
Where the lean barren Region does enhance
The worth of dear intemperance.
And for each pleasurable sin exacts excise,
We (thanks to Heaven) more cheaply can offend,
And want no tempting Luxuries,
No good convenient sinning opportunities,
Which natures bounty could bestow, or Heavens kindness lend.

Go follow that nice Goddess to the Skies,
Who here too sore disgusting at increasing Vice,
Dislik'd the world, and thought it too pro-
phane,
And timely hence retired, and kindly ne're re-
turn'd again.
Hence to those airy Mansions rove,
Converse with Saints and holy folks above;
Those may thy presence woo,
Whose lazy ease affords them nothing else to
do:
Where haughty scornful I,
And my great Friends will ne're vouchsafe thee
company.
Thou'rt now a hard unpracticable good,
Too difficult for flesh and blood:
Were I all soul, like them, perhaps, I'de learn to
practise thee.

3.

Vertue, thou solemn grave impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the men of wit and sense.

Thou

Thou damn'd fatigue, that clogst lifes journey here,
Though thou no weight of wealth or profit bear;
Thou puling fond Green-sickness of the mind,
That makest us prove to our own selves unkind,
Whereby, we Coals and Dirt for diet chuse,
And, Pleasure, better food, refuse.
Curst ill, that lead'st deluded Mortals on,
Till they too late do find themselves undone,
Chous'd by a Dowry in reversion.
The greatest Votary thou e're could'st boast,
Pity so brave a Soul, was on thy service lost;
What wonders he in wickedness had done,
Whom thy weak power could so inspire alone!
There long with fond amours he courted thee,
Yet dying, did recant his vain Idolatry.
At length, though late, he did repent with shame,
Forc'd to confess thee nothing but an empty name.

So was that Leacher gull'd whose haughty love,
Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the Gods above.
When he a Goddess thought he had in chase,
He found a gaudy vapour in the place,
And with thin Air beguil'd his starv'd embrace.
Idely he spent his vigour, spent his blood,
And tyr'd himself to oblige an unperforming Cloud.

4.

If Human bind to thee, 'ere worship paid,
They were by ignorance misled,
That only them devout, and thee a Goddess made.
None hap'ly in the Worlds rude untaught infancy,
Before it had out-grown its childish innocence.
Before it had arriv'd at sense,
Or watch'd the manhood and discretion of Debauchery;
None in those antient godly duller times,
When crafty Pagans had ingross'd all crimes;
When

When Christian fools were obstinately good,
Nor yet their Gospel freedom understood.
Tame easie Fops who could so prodigally breed,
To be thought Saints, and dye a Calender with red:
No prudent Heathen e're seduc'd could be,
To suffer Martyrdom for thee.
Only that errant Ass whom the false Oracle called wise;
No wonder if the Devil uttered lies.
That sniveling Puritan who in spight of all the mode,
Would be unfashionably good,
And exercis'd his whining gifts to rail at Vice;
Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd.
And justly with Lampoons defam'd.
But when the mad Phanatick could not silenc'd be,
From broaching dangerous Divinity;
The wise Republick made him for prevention die,
And sent him to the Gods and better company.

5.

Let fumbling Age be grave and wise,
And Vertues poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
Who never knew, or now are past the sweets of Vice,
While we whose active pulses beat
With lusty youth and vigorous heat,
Can all their Bards--and Morals too despise,
While my plump veins are fill'd with lust and blood.
Let not one thought of her intrude,
Or dare approach my breast,
But know its all possest
By a more welcome guest.
And know I have not yet the leisure to be good.
If ever unkind destiny,
Shall force long life of me;
If 'ere I must the curse of dotage bear,
Perhaps I'll dedicate those dregs of Time to her,
And come with crutches her most humble votary.

When

When sprightly Vice retreats from hence,
And quits the ruine of decayed sense,
She'l serve to usher in a fair pretence,
And banish with the name, a well dissembled impotence.

When Ptifick, Rheums, Catars, and Palsies seize,
And all the Bills of Maladies,
Which Heaven to punish over-living Mortals sends;
Then let her enter with the numerous infirmities,
Her self the greatest plague, which wrinkles and gray hairs attends.

6.

Tell me, ye Venerable Sots, who court her most,
What small advantage can she boast,
Which her great Rival hath not in a greater score ingrost.
Her quiet calm and peace of mind,
In Wine and Company we better find.
Find it with pleasure to combine.

In

In mighty Wine, where we our ſenſes ſteep,
And Lull our Cares and Conſciences aſleep;
But why do I that wild *Chimæra* name?
Conſcience! that giddy airy Dream,
Which does from brain-ſick heads and ill-digeſting ſtomachs ſteam.
Conſcience! the vain phantaſtick fear
Of puniſhments, we know not when nor where:
Projects of crafty Stateſmen to ſupport weak Law,
Whereby they ſlaviſh Spirits awe,
And daſtard Souls to forc'd obedience draw.
Grand wheedle which our Gown'd Impoſtors uſe,
The poor unthinking Rabble to abuſe.
Scarecrow to fright's from the forbidden fruit of vice,
Their own beloved Paradiſe:
Let thoſe vile Canters wickedneſs decry,

Whoſe

Whose Mercenary tongues take pay
For what they say;
And yet commend in practice what their words deny,
While we discerning Heads, who furthest pry
Their holy Cheats, deny
And scorn their frauds,
And scorn their sanctified Cajoulery.

7.

None but dull Souls discredit vice,
Who act their wickedness with an ill grace;
Such their profession scandalize,
And justly forfeit all that praise:
All that esteem that credit and applause,
Which we by our wise manage from a sin can raise.
A true and brave transgressor ought
To sin with the same spirit *Cæsar* fought:
Mean Souls! offenders now no honours gain,
Only debaucher of the noble strain.
Vice well improved yields bliss and fame beside,
And some for sinning have been deify'd.

Thus

Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,
By thoſe brave methods, to their ſeats above.
E're *Jove* himſelf the Sovereign Deity,
Father and King of the immortal Progeny,
Aſcended to that high Degree;
By crimes beyond the reach of weak Mortality,
He Heaven one large Seraglio made,
Each Goddeſs turn'd a glorious Punk o'th' trade;
And all that Sacred place
Was filled with Baſtard Gods of his own race:
Almighty Lechery got his firſt repute,
And everlaſting whoring was his chiefeſt Attribute.

8.

How gallant was that wretch whoſe happy guilt,
A Fame upon the Ruines of a Temple built!
Let fools, ſaid he, now quietly alledge,
And urge the no great fault of Sacriledge:
I'le ſet the Sacred Pile on flame,
And in its Aſhes write my laſting Name,

My

My name which thence shall be
Deathless as its own Deity.
Thus the vain-glorious *Caron* I'le out-do,
And *Egypts* proudest Monarch too;
Those lavish Prodigals who idly did consume
Their Lives and Treasures to erect a Tomb,
And only great, by being buried, would become,
At cheaper rates than they I le buy Renown.
So spake the daring Hector, so did Prophesie,
And so it prov'd, in vain did envious Fate
By fruitless methods try
To raze his well-built Fame and Memory
Amongst Posterity:
The *Bentleys* can now Immortal write,
While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperor;
A greater crime befitted his high Power,

Who

Who sacrific'd a City to a Jest,

And shew'd he knew the grand intrigues of humor best.

He made all *Rome* a Bonefire for loud Fame,

And Sung, and play'd and danc'd amidst the Flame;

Bravely begun! yet pity there he stay'd,

One step, to Glory, more he should have made:

He should have heaved the noble frolick higher,

And made the People on that Funeral expire,

Or, providently, with their blood put out the Fire.

Had this been done,

The utmost of glory he had run;

No greater Monument could be

To consecrate him to eternity,

Nor should there need another Herald of his praise but me.

10.

And thou yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Isle,

Whom baffled Hell esteems its chiefest Foyl;

Twere

'Twere injury should I omit thy name,
Whose actions merit all the breath of Fame.
Methinks, I see the trembling shades below,
All round, in humble reverence bow;
Doubtful they seem, whether, to pay their Loyalty
To their dread Monarch, or to thee:
No wonder he grew jealous of thy fear'd success,
Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedness,
And spoil'd that brave attempt which should have made his grandeur less.
How e're regret not, mighty Ghost,
Thy Plot by treacherous fortune crost,
Nor think thy well deserved glory lost.
Thou the full praise of Villany shalt ever share,
And all will judg thou art compleat enough, when thou could'st dare,
So thy great Master fared, whose high disdain,
Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not Reign,
When he with bold ambition strove,
T' usurp the Throne above,
And led against the Deity an armed Train,

Though from his vaſt deſigns he fell,
O're-power'd by his Almighty Foe,
Yet gained he Victory in his overthrow.
He gained ſufficient Triumph that he durſt Rebel,
And 'twas ſome pleaſure to be thought the greateſt one in Hell.

II.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what ſhall I do
To be illuſtrious as you?
Let your example move me with a generous fire,
Let them into my daring thoughts inſpire
Somewhat compleatly wicked, ſome vaſt Gyant-crime,
Unthought, unknown, unpattern'd by all paſt and preſent time.
'Tis done, 'tis done, I think I feel the powerful charms,
And a new heat of ſin my ſpirit warms;
I travel with a glorious miſchief, for whoſe birth,
My Soul's too narrow, and weak fate too feeble to bring forth.

Let

Let the unpitied vulgar tamely go
And ſtalk for company, the wide Plantation below:
Such their vile Souls for viler Barter ſell,
Scarce worth the damning, or their room in Hell.
We are his Grandees, and expect as high preferments there,
For our good Service, as on earth we ſhare.
In them, ſin is but a meer privative of good,
The frailty and defect of fleſh and blood:
In us 'tis a perfection, who profeſs
A ſtudied and elaborate wickedneſs.
We are the great Royal Society of Vice,
Whoſe Talents are to make diſcoveries,
And advance Sin like other Arts and Sciences.
It's I the bold *Columbus*, only I,
Who muſt new Worlds in Vice deſcry,
And fix the pillars of unpaſſable iniquity.

12.

How ſneaking was the firſt debauch we find,
Who for ſo ſmall a ſin ſold humane kind.

How undeserving that high place,
To be thought Parent of our sin and race,
Who by low guilt our nature doubly did debase:
Unworthy was he to be thought
Father of th' first-born *Cain*, which got
The noble *Cain*, whose bold and gallant act
Proclaim'd him of more high extract.
Unworthy me,
And all the braver part of his Posterity.
Had the just Fates design'd me in his stead,
I had done some great and unexampled deed;
A deed which should decry
The Stoicks dull Equality,
And shew that sin admits transcendency:
A deed wherein the Tempter should not share
Above what Heaven could punish, and above what he could dare
For greater crimes than this I would have fell,
And acted somewhat which might merit more than Hell.

An

An Apology for the preceding Poem, by way of Epilogue, to be annexed.

MY part is done, and you'l, I hope, excuſe
Th' extravagance of a repenting Muſe,
Pardon what e're ſhe hath too boldly ſaid,
She only acted here in Maſquerade.
For the ſlight Arguments ſhe did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.
So we Buffoons in Princely dreſs expoſe,
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
When ſhe an Hector for her Subject had,
She thought ſhe muſt be Termagant and mad.
That made our Spark like a lewd punk o'th' Town,
Who by converſe with Bullies wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Vertue down.
But now the Vizards off, ſhe changes Scene,
And turns a modeſt civil Girl again.

Our Poet has a different taſt of Wit,
Nor will to th' Common Vogue himſelf ſubmit.
Let ſome admire the Fops whoſe Talents lie
In venting dull inſipid Blaſphemy,
He ſwears, he cannot with thoſe terms diſpenſe,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of ſenſe.
Wits name was never to profaneneſs due,
For then you ſee he could be witty too:
He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,
But that he's Loyal, and knows better things,
Than Fame, whoſe guilty Birth from Treaſon ſprings.
He likes not Wit which can't a Licence claim,
To which the Author dares not ſet his Name.
Wit ſhould be open, court each Readers eye,
Not lurk inſly unprinted privacy.
But Criminal Writers, like dull Birds of Night,
For weakneſs, or for ſhame avoid the light;
May ſuch a Jury for the Audience have,
And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive.

May

May they the Tower for their due merits ſhare,
And a juſt wreath of Hemp, not Laurel, wear:
He could be Bawdy too, and nick the times,
In what they dearly love: Damn'd placket Rhimes,
Such as our Nobles write——
Whoſe nauſeous Poetry can reach no higher
Than what the Codpiece, or its God inſpire.
So lewd they ſpend at quill you'd juſtly think,
They wrote with ſomething maſtier than Ink,
But he ſtill that little Wit, or none,
Which a juſt modeſty muſt never own,
And a meer Reader with a Bluſh at one.
If Ribauldry deſerved the praiſe of Wit,
He muſt reſign to each illiterate Citt,
And Prentices and Car-men challenge it.
Even they too can be ſmart and witty there;
For all men on that Subject Poets are.
Henceforth he vows, if ever more he find
Himſelf to th' buſie itch of Verſe inclin'd,

If e're he's given up so far to write,
He never means to make his end delight:
Should he do so, he must despair success,
For he's not now debaucht enough to please,
And must be damn'd for want of wickedness.
He'l therefore use his Wit another way,
And next the uglines of Vice display.
Though against Vertue once he drew his Pen,
He'l ne're for ought, but her defence agen.
Had he the Genius and Poetick rage,
Great as the Vices of this guilty Age.
Were he all Gall, and arm'd with store of spight,
'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write;
To noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,
And bite Mankind, and Poetry reclaim,
And shoot his Quill just like a Porcupine
At Vice, and make it stab in every Vein,
The world should learn to blush,

And

And dread the Vengeance of his—Wit,
Which more than their own Conſciences ſhould fright,
And ſhould think him for Heavens juſt Plague deſign'd
To viſit for the ſins of lewd Mankind.

THE

THE PASSION OF BYBLIS IN *Ovid's* Metamorphosis Imitated in Engliſh.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jo. Hindmarſh*, 1681.

THE
Paſſion of Byblis
OUT OF
Ovid's Metamorphoſis, *B. 9. F.* 11.

Beginning at

Byblis in exemplo eſt, ut ament conceſſa puellæ.

And ending with

——*Modumque*
Exit, & infelix committit ſæpe repelli.

YOU heedleſs Maids, whoſe young and tender hearts
Unwounded yet, have ſcap'd the fatal darts;
Let the ſad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,
And learn by her to ſhun forbidden Love.

Not

Not all the plenty, all the bright reſort
Of gallant Youth, that grac'd the *Carian* Court,
Could charm the haughty Nymphs diſdainful heart,
Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert;
Caunus ſhe lov'd, not as a Siſter ought,
But Honour, Shame and Blood alike forgot:
Caunus alone takes up her Thoughts and Eyes,
For him alone ſhe wiſhes, grieves and ſighs.

At firſt her new-born Paſſion owns no name,
A glim'ring Spark ſcarce kindling into flame;
She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip
She ſnatcht an harmleſs bliſs, if her fond clip
With looſe embraces oft his Neck ſurround,
And Love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by degrees,
And now ſhe likes, and ſtrives her ſelf to pleaſe:
Well-dreſt ſhe comes and arms her Eyes with darts,
Her Smiles with charms and all the ſtudied arts,
Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquiſh hearts.

Indu-

Induſtrious now ſhe labours to be fair,
And envies all whoever fairer are.
Yet knows ſhe not, ſhe loves, but ſtill does grow,
Inſenſibly that thing ſhe does not know:
Strict honour yet her check'd deſires does bind,
And modeſt thoughts on this ſide wiſh confin'd:
Only within ſhe ſooths her pleaſing flames,
And now the hated terms of Blood diſclaims:
Brother ſounds harſh; ſhe the unpleaſing word
Strives to forget and oftner calls him *Lord*:
And when the name of *Siſter* grates her ear,
Could wiſh't unſaid, and rather *Byblis* hear:
Nor dare ſhe yet with waking Thoughts admit
A wanton hope: but when returning night
With Sleep's ſoft gentle ſpell her Senſes charms,
Kind Fancy often brings him to her Arms:
In them ſhe oft does the lov'd Shadow ſeem
To graſp, and joys, yet bluſhes too in Dream.
She wakes, and long in wonder ſilent lies,
And thinks on her late pleaſing Extaſies:

Now

Now likes and now abhors her guilty flame,
By turns abandon'd to her Love and Shame:
At length her ſtruggling thoughts an utt'rance find,
And vent the wild diſorders of her mind.
" Ah me! (ſhe cries) kind Heaven avert! what means
" This boading form, that nightly rides my dreams?
" Grant 'em untrue! why ſhould lewd hope divine?
" Ah! why was this too charming Viſion ſeen?
" 'Tis true, by the moſt envious wretch that ſees,
" He's own'd all fair and lovely, own'd a prize
" Worthy the conqueſt of the brighteſt eyes:
" A prize that wou'd my high'ſt ambition fill,
" All I could wiſh;—but he's my Brother ſtill!
" That cruel word for ever muſt disjoyn,
" Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine.
" Since then I waking never muſt poſſeſs,
" Let me in ſleep at leaſt enjoy the bliſs,
" And ſure nice Vertue can't forbid me this:

Kind

" Kind ſleep does no malicious ſpies admit,
" Yet yields a lively ſemblance of delight:
" Gods! what a ſcene of joy was that! how faſt
" I claſp'd the Viſion to my panting breaſt!
" With what fierce bounds I ſprung to meet my bliſs,
" While my wrapt ſoul flew out in every kiſs!
" Till breathleſs, faint and ſoftly ſunk away,
" I all diſſolv'd in reeking pleaſures lay!
" How ſweet is the remembrance yet! though night
" Too haſty fled, drove on by envious light.
" O that we might the Laws of Nature break!
" How well could *Caunus* me an Husband make!
" How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take!
" Wou'd God! in all things we had partners bin
" Beſides our Parents and our fatal Kin:
" Wou'd thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
" Then guiltleſs I deſpair'd and ſuffer'd ſcorn:
" Happy that Maid unknown, whoe're ſhall prove
" So bleſt, ſo envied, to deſerve thy love.

" Unhappy me! whom the ſame womb did joyn,
" Which now forbids me ever to be thine:
" Curſt fate! that we alone in that agree,
" By which we ever muſt divided be.
" And muſt we be? what meant my Viſions then?
" Are they and all their dear preſages vain?
" Have dreams no credit but with eaſie love?
" Or do they hit ſometimes and faithful prove?
" The Gods forbid! yet thoſe whom I invoke,
" Have lov'd like me, have their own Siſters took:
" Great *Saturn* and his greater Off-ſpring *Jove*,
" Both ſtock'd their Heaven with inceſtuous love:
" Gods have their priviledge; why do I ſtrive
" To ſtrain my hopes to their Prerogative?
" No, let me baniſh this forbidden fire,
" Or quench it with my blood, and with't expire:
" Unſtain'd in honour, and unhurt in fame,
" Let the ſame Grave bury my Love and Shame:
" But when at my laſt hour I gaſping lie,
" Let only my kind *Murderer* be by:

" Let

" Let him, while I breath out my ſoul in ſighs,
" Or gaze't away, look on with pittying eyes:
" Let him (for ſure he can't deny me this)
" Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiſs.
" Beſides, 'twere vain ſhould I alone agree
" To what another's will muſt ratifie:
" Cou'd I be ſo abandon'd to conſent,
" What I have paſs'd for good and innocent,
" He may perhaps as worſt of Crimes reſent.
" Yet we amongſt our race examples find
" Of Brothers, who have been to Siſters kind:
" Fam'd *Canace* cou'd thus ſucceſsful prove,
" Cou'd crown her wiſhes in a Brother's love.
" But whence cou'd I theſe inſtances produce?
" How 'came I witty to my ruine thus?
" Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on?
" Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence be gone,
" Nor let me e're the ſhameful Paſſion own.

" And yet ſhou'd he addreſs I ſhou'd forgive,
" I fear, I fear, I ſhou'd his ſuit receive:
" Shall therefore I, who cou'd not love diſown
" Offer'd by him, not mine to him make known?
" And canſt thou ſpeak? can thy bold tongue declare?
" Yes, Love ſhall force:—and now methinks I dare.
" But leſt fond modeſty at length refuſe,
" I will ſome ſure and better method chuſe:
" A Letter ſhall my ſecret flames diſcloſe,
" And hide my Bluſhes, but reveal their cauſe.

This takes, and 'tis reſolv'd as ſoon as ſaid,
With this ſhe rais'd her ſelf upon her bed,
And propping with her hand her leaning head:
" Happen what will (ſays ſhe) I'le make him know
" What pains, what raging pains I undergo:
" Ah me! I rave! what tempeſts ſhake my breaſt?
" And where? O where will this diſtraction reſt?
Trembling, her Thoughts endite, and oft her Eye
Looks back for fear of conſcious ſpies too nigh:

One

One hand her Paper, t'other holds her Pen,
And Tears ſupply what Ink her Lines muſt drain.
Now ſhe begins, now ſtops, and ſtopping frames
New doubts, now writes, and now her Writing damns.
She writes, defaces, alters, likes and blames:
Oft throws in haſte her Pen and Paper by,
Then takes 'em up again as haſtily:
Unſteady her reſolves, fickle and vain,
No ſooner made, but ſtrait unmade again:
What her deſires wou'd have ſhe does not know,
Diſpleas'd with all what e're ſhe goes to do:
At once contending, ſhame and hope and fear
Wrack her toſt mind, and in her looks appear.
Siſter was wrote; but ſoon miſ-giving doubt
Recals it, and the guilty word blots out:
Again ſhe pauſes, and again begins,
At length her Pen drops out theſe haſty Lines.

" Kind health, which you and only you can
grant,
" Which, if deny'd, ſhe muſt for ever want;
" To you your Lover ſends: ah! bluſhing ſhame
" In ſilence bids her Paper hide her name:
" Wou'd God! the fatal meſſage might be done
" Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,
" E're bleſt ſucceſs her hopes and wiſhes crown.
" And had I now my ſmother'd grief conceal'd,
" It might by tokens paſt have been reveal'd:
" A thouſand proofs were ready to impart
" The inward anguiſh of my wounded heart:
" Oft, as your ſight a ſudden bluſh did raiſe,
" My blood came up to meet you at my face:
" Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes
" Betray'd in looks my ſouls too thin diſguiſe:
" Think how their Tears, think how my heaving
Breaſt
" Oft in deep ſighs ſome cauſe unknown confeſt:
" Think how theſe Arms did oft with fierce em-
brace,

" Eager

" Eager as my desires, about you press:
" These Lips too (when they cou'd so happy prove,
" Had you but mark'd) with close-warm kisses strove
" To whisper something more than Sisters love:
" And yet, though rankling grief my mind distrest,
" Though raging flames within burnt up my breast,
" Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
" Long strove to bring the fierce disease to cure:
" Witness the cruel Pow'rs, who did inspire
" This strange, this fatal, this resistless fire,
" Witness what pains (for you alone can know)
" This helpless wretch to quench't did undergo:
" A thousand Racks, and Martyrdoms, and more
" Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
" O'rematch'd in pow'r at last I'm forc'd to yield,
" And to the conqu'ring God resign the field:
" To you, dear cause of all, I make address,
" From you with humble pray'rs I beg redress:

"You rule alone my arbitrary fate,
"And life and death on your diſpoſal wait:
"Ordain, as you think fit; deny, or grant,
"Yet know no ſtranger is your ſuppliant.
"But ſhe, who, though to you by Blood allied
"In neareſt bonds, in nearer wou'd be tied.
"Let doating age debate of Law and Right,
"And gravely ſtate the bounds of juſt and fit;
"Whoſe wiſdom's but their envy, to deſtroy
"And bar thoſe pleaſures which they can't enjoy:
"Our blooming years, more ſprightly and more gay,
"By Nature were deſign'd for love and play:
"Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertues fence,
"And briskly hunts the noble chaſe of ſence:
"Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,
"And call that lawful, whatſoe're does pleaſe.
"Nor will our guilt want inſtances alone,
"'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done:

"Let's

" Let's follow where thoſe great examples went,
" Nor think that Sin, where Heaven's a precedent.
" Let neither aw of Father's frowns, nor ſhame
" For ought that can be told by babbling fame,
" Nor any gaſtlier fantom, fear can frame,
" Frighten or ſtop us in our way to bliſs,
" But boldly let us ruſh on happineſs:
" Where glorious hazzards ſhall enhance delight,
" And that, that makes it dangerous make it great.
" Relation too, which does our fault increaſe,
" Will ſerve that fault the better to diſguiſe;
" That lets us now in private often meet
" Bleſs'd opportunities for ſtoln delight:
" In publick often we embrace and kiſs,
" And fear no jealous, no ſuſpecting eyes.
" How little more remains for me to crave!
" How little more for you to give! O ſave
" A wretched Maid undone by love and you,
" Who does in tears and dying accents ſue;

" Who

" Who bleeds that Paſſion ſhe had ne're reveal'd,
" If not by love, almighty love compel'd:
" Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,
" Here *Byblis* lies, kill'd by your cold diſdain.

Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will
To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,
Nor ſpace allow for more: ſhe trembling, folds
The Paper, which her ſhameful meſſage holds;
And ſealing, as ſhe wept with boading fear,
She wet her Signet with a falling Tear.
This done, a truſty Meſſenger ſhe call'd,
And in kind words the whiſper'd Errand told:
" Go, carry this with faithful care, ſhe ſaid,
" To my dear,——there ſhe paus'd a while, and ſtaid,
And by and by——*Brother*——was heard to add:
As ſhe deliver'd it with her commands,
The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,
Diſmay'd with the ill *Omen*, ſhe anew
Doubted ſucceſs, and held, yet bad him go.

H

He goes, and after quick admission got
To *Caunus* hands the fatal secret brought:
Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had cast
On the first lines, and guest by them the rest,
Strait horror and amazement fill'd his breast:
Impatient with his rage he could not stay
To see the end, but threw't half read away.
Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch forbear,
Nor did his tongue these angry threatnings spare:
"Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd fury trust,
"Thou cursed Pander of detested lust;
"Fly quickly hence, and to thy swiftness owe
"Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due:
"Which, had not danger of my Honour crost,
"Thou'dst paid by this, and been sent back a ghost.
He the rough orders strait obeys, and bears
The killing news to wretched *Byblis* ears;
Like striking thunder the [illegible]gs stun,
And to her heart quicker th[illegible]'ning run:

The

The frighted blood forſakes her gaſtly face,
And a ſhort death does every member ſeize:
But ſoon as ſenſe returns, her frenzy too
Returns, and in theſe words breaks forth anew.
"And juſtly ſerv'd;——for why did fooliſh I
"Conſent to make this raſh diſcovery?
"Why did I thus in haſty lines reveal
"That dang'rous ſecret, Honour wou'd conceal?
"I ſhou'd have firſt with art diſguis'd the hook,
"And ſeen how well the gawdy bait had took,
"And found him hung at leſt, before I ſtrook:
"From ſhore I ſhou'd have firſt deſcri'd the wind,
"Whether 'twould prove to my adventure kind,
"E're I to untry'd Seas my ſelf reſign'd:
"Now daſh'd on Rocks unable to retire,
"I muſt i'th' wreck of all my hopes expire,
"And was not I by tokens plain enough
"Forewarn'd to quit my unauſpicious Love?
"Did not the Fates my ill ſucceſs foretel,
"When from my hands th' unhappy Letter fell?

So

" So ſhould my hopes have done, and my deſign,
" That, or the day ſhould then have alter'd bin;
" But rather the unlucky day; when Heaven
" Such ominous proofs of its diſlike had given:
" And ſo it had, had not mad Paſſion ſway'd,
" And Reaſon been by blinder Love miſled.
" Beſides (alas!) I ſhou'd my ſelf have gone,
" Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue;
" Much more I could have ſpoke, much more have told,
" Than a ſhort Letters narrow room would hold:
" He might have ſeen my Looks, my wiſhing Eyes,
" My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs;
" About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,
" And been all over Love, all over Charms;
" Graſp'd and hung on his Knees, and there have dyed,
" There breath'd my gaſping Soul out if denied:
" This and ten thouſand things I might have done
" To make my Paſſion with advantage known;

" Which

" Which if they each could not have bent his mind,
" Yet surely all had forc'd him to be kind.
" Perhaps he whom I sent was too in fault,
" Nor rightly tim'd his Message, as he ought,
" I fear he went in some ill-chosen hour,
" When cloudy weather made his temper lour.
" Not those calm seasons of the mind, which prove
" The fittest to receive the seeds of love.
" These things have ruin'd me; for doubtless he
" Is made of humane flesh and blood like me;
" He suck'd no Tygress sure, nor Mountain Bear,
" Nor does his breast relentless Marble wear.
" He must, he shall consent, again I'le try,
" And try again, if he again deny:
" No scorn, no harsh repulse, or rough defeat
" Shall ever my desires, or hopes rebate.
" My earnest suits shall never give him rest,
" While Life, and Love more durable, shall last:
" Alive I'le press, till breath in pray'rs be lost,
" And after come a kind beseeching ghost.

" For,

" For, if I might, what I have done, recall,
" The first point were, not to have don't at all;
" But since 'tis done, the second to be gain'd
" Is now to have, what I have sought, attain'd:
" For he, though I should now my wishes quit,
" Can never my unchaste attempts forget:
" Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I
" By slightly asking, taught him to deny;
" Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,
" And snares for his unwary Honour laid:
" Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)
" Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful Lust.
" In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill;
" I've writ, I have solicited, my will
" Has been debauch'd; and shou'd I thus give out,
" I cannot chast and innocent be thought:
" Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,
" Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.

She ſpoke; but ſuch is her unſetled mind,
It ſhifts from thought to thought, like veering wind,
Now to this point and now to that inclin'd:
What ſhe could wiſh had unattempted been,
She ſtrait is eager to attempt agen:
What ſhe repents, ſhe acts; and now lets looſe
The reins to Love, nor any bounds allows:
Repulſe upon repulſe unmov'd ſhe bears,
And ſtill ſues on, while ſhe her ſuit deſpairs.

FINIS.

A SATYR UPON A WOMAN,

Who by her Falſhood and Scorn was the Death of my Friend.

Written in the Year; 1678.

LONDON,
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A

SATYR

Upon a WOMAN, who by her Falſhood and Scorn was the Death of my Friend.

NO ſhe ſhall ne're eſcape, if Gods there be,
Unleſs they perjur'd grow and falſe as ſhe;
Though no ſtrange judgment yet the murd'reſs ſeize
To puniſh her, and quit the partial Skies:
Though no revenging light'ning yet has flaſht
From thence, that might her criminal beauties blaſt:
Though they in their old luſtre ſtill prevail
By no diſeaſe, nor guilt it ſelf made pale.

Guilt, which blackeſt Moors themſelves but own,
Would make through all their night new bluſhes dawn:
Though that kind ſoul, who now augments the bleſt,
Thither too ſoon by her unkindneſs chas'd:
(Where may it be her ſmalleſt and lighteſt doom,
(For that's not half my curſe) never to come;)
Though he, when prompted by the high'ſt deſpair,
Ne're mention'd her without an Hymn or Prayer,
And could by all her ſcorn be forc'd no more
Than Martyrs to revile what they adore.
Who, had he curſt her with his dying breath,
Had done but juſt, and Heaven had forgave:
Though ill-made Law no Sentence has ordain'd
For her, no Statute has her Guilt arraign'd.
(For Hangmen, Womens ſcorn, and Doctor's skill,
All by a license'd way of murder kill.)

Though

Though she from justice of all these go free,
And boast perhaps in her success, and cry,
'Twas but a little harmless perjury:
Yet thinks she not she still secure shall prove,
Or that none dare avenge an injur'd love:
I rise in judgment, am to be to her
Both Witness, Judge, and Executioner:
Arm'd with dire Satyr, and resentful spite,
I come to haunt her with the ghosts of Wit.
My ink unbid starts out, and flies on her
Like blood upon some touching murderer:
And shou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd
Like Hags, to curse her, write in my own blood.
Ye spiteful pow'rs (if any there can be,
That boast a worse and keener spite than I)
Assist with malice, and your mighty aid
My sworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her dead:
Grant I may [illegible] Infamy,
So plain, so deeply grav'd on her, that she,

Her Skill, Patches, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide,
And which shall lasting as her Soul abide:
Grant my rank hate may such strong poison cast,
That every breath may taint, and rot and blast,
Till one large gang'rene quite o'respread her fame
With foul contagion, till her odious name
Spit at and curst by every mouth like mine,
Be terror to her self and all her line.

Vil'st of that viler Sex, who damn'd us all!
Ordain'd to cause and plague us for our fall!
WOMAN! nay worse! for she can nought be said
But Mummy by some Devil inhabited:
Not made in Heavens Mint, but basely coin'd,
She wears an humane image stampt on fiend;
And whoso Marriage would with her contract,
Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact:
Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)
By Hell was breath'd into her in a lye,
And its whole stock of falshood there was lent,
As if hereafter to be true it meant:

Bawd

Bawd Nature taught her jilting, when she made,
And by her make designed for the trade:
Hence 'twas she daub'd her with a painted Face,
That she at once might better cheat and please
All those gay charming looks that court the eye,
Are but an ambush to hid treachery;
Mischief adorn'd with pomp and smooth disguise,
A painted skin stuff'd full of guile and lyes,
Within a gawdy Case, a nasty Soul,
Like T——of quality in a gilt Close-stool:
Such on a Cloud those flatt'ring colours are,
Which only serve to dress a Tempest fair.
So men upon this Earths fair surface dwell,
Within are Fiends, and at the center Hell:
Court-promises, the Leagues which States-men make
With more convenience and more ease to break,
The Faith a Jesuite in Allegiance swears,
Or a Town-jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,
Are firm and certain all compar'd with hers:

Early in falſhood, at her Font ſhe lied,
And ſhould even then for perjury been tried:
Her Conſcience ſtretch'd, and open as the Stews,
But laughs at Oaths, and plays with ſolemn Vows,
And at her mouth ſwallows down perjur'd breath,
More glib than bits of lechery beneath:
Leſs ſerious known when ſhe doth moſt proteſt,
Than thoughts of arranteſt Buſloons in jeſt:
More cheap than the vile mercenarieſt Squire,
That plies for Half-crown Fees at *Weſtminſter*;
And trades in ſtaple Oaths, and Swears to hire:
Leſs guilt than hers, leſs breach of Oath and Word
Has ſtood aloft, and look'd through Romance-board;
And he that truſts her in a Death-bed-Prayer,
Has Faith to merit and ſave any thing but her.
But ſince her gilt deſcription does out go,
I'le try if it out-ſtrip my Curſes too;

Curſes

Curſes, which may they equal my juſt hate,
My wiſh, and her deſert, be each ſo great,
Each heard like Prayers, and Heaven make 'em fate.

Firſt for her Beauties, which the miſchief brought,
May ſhe affected, they be borrow'd thought,
By her own hand not that of Nature wrought:
Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, and thoſe
Prove light and frail as her broke Faith and Vows:
Some baſe unnam'd Diſeaſe, her Carkaſs foul,
And make her Body ugly as her Soul.
Cankers and Ulcers eat her till ſhe be
Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy.
Strength quite expir'd, may ſhe alone retain,
The ſnuff of life, may that unquench'd remain,
As in the damn'd to keep her freſh for pain:
Hot Luſt light on her, and the plague of Pride
On that, this ever ſcorn'd, as that denied:
Ach, anguiſh, horror, grief, diſhonour, ſhame
Purſue at once her body, ſoul and fame:

I!

If e're the Devil-love muſt enter her
(For nothing ſure but Fiends can enter there)
May ſhe a juſt and true tormenter find,
And that like an ill-conſcience rack her mind:
Be ſome diſeas'd and ugly wretch her fate,
She doom'd to love of me, whom all elſe hate.
May he hate her, and may her deſtiny
Be to deſpair, and yet love on and die;
Or to invent ſome wittier puniſhment,
May he to plague her, out of ſpite conſent;
May the old fumbler, though diſabled quite,
Have ſtrength to give her Claps, but no delight:
May he of her unjuſtly jealous be
For one that's worſe and uglier far than he:
May's impotence balk and torment her luſt,
Yet ſcarcely her to dreams or wiſhes truſt:
Forc'd to be chaſt, may ſhe ſuſpected be,
Share none o'th' pleaſure, all the infamy.

In fine, that I all curſes may complete
(For I've but curs'd in jeſt and rallied yet)
Whate're the Sex deſerves, or feels, or fears,
May all thoſe plagues be hers, and only hers;
Whate're great favourites turn'd out of doors,
Sham'd Cullies, bilk'd and diſappointed Whores,
Or loſing Gameſters vent, what Curſes e're
Are ſpoke by ſinners raving in deſpair:
All thoſe fall on her, as they're all her due,
Till ſpite can't think, nor Heaven inflict anew:
May then (for once I will be kind and pray)
No madneſs take her uſe of Senſe away;
But may ſhe in full ſtrength of reaſon be,
To feel and underſtand her miſery;
Plagu'd ſo, till ſhe think damning a releaſe,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for eaſe:
Yet may not all theſe ſuff'rings here atone
Her ſin, and may ſhe ſtill go ſinning on.

Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th' ſcore,
Till on her Soul ſhe can get truſt no more:
Then may the ſtupid and repentleſs die,
And Heaven it ſelf forgive no more than I,
But ſo be damn'd of meer neceſſity.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 2. line 19. read *there*, p.4. l.16.r.*it*, p.7.l.1.r.*as*, p.25. l.3. r. *curst*, p.30.l.2.r.*Title*, p.35.l. 18.r.*wanting*, p.44.l.14. r.*meals*, p. 46.l.2.r.*line*, l.9.r *strow'd*, p.47.l.5.r. *Natives*, p.48.l.19.r *Numbers*.p.49. l. 2. r. *made*, l. 8.r. *writs*, l. 14. r. *shamelessness*, p. 51. l. 1. . *were* is wanting, p 59. l. 8. r. *unknowing*. p. 94. l.7. r. *Maxiplts*, p. 9 . l 7.r. *vile*, l 8. r. *with*, p.58. l.3.r. *Mortality*, l.5. r. *thrice cursed*, p. 59. l. 1. r. *goodly*, l.14.r.*to providence*, p. 100. l. 2. r. *heretofore disgusted*, p. 101. l. 7. r. *Silt*, l.14.r.*through*, p.102.l.8.r. *Human kind*, l.11.& 1 . r. *crown*, l. 14. r.*reach'd*, p.104.l.6.r. *Beards*, l. 14.r.*on*, p.105.l.2. r *Ruines*, l.4.r.*Carnish with her*, l 13.r. *Quiet and*, l.15.r.*too combin'd*, p. 106 l 8.r. *Project*, p.107. l. 5.r. *defie*, l.8.r.*dull unbred Fools*, l. 15. *height of Spirit*, l.16.*mean soul'd Offenders*, l. 17. *Debauches*, p. 108.l. 3.r. *Eu'n Jove*, l 15. r. *Impiety*, p.109. l 3.r.*Cavian*, l.4. *Monarchs*, l.16.r. *Spite*, p.110.l.3.r.*to his*, l 11. *Pitch* is wanting. p.111.l.4.r.*Around*, l.7.r.*grown*, l.9.*thy Alt*, p.113.l.5.r *great'st in Hell*, l.8.r.*Examples*, l.11.r. *unknown, unheard, unthought of*, l. 12.r.*methinks*, p.113.l.2.r. *Stock for company the wide Plantations down*. l.17.r. *that sin'd*, l.18.r.*Crime*, p.114.l.5.r.*he begot*, p.115.l.11. r. *her speak*. p. 117 l.9.*thought* is wanting. l.18.r.*the base Itch*, p. 118.l.10. r. *a Genius*, l.15.r.*by't*, l.16.r.*He'd shoot his Quills*, next l.r.*them*, p.119. l.1. *p. instead* is wanting. l.3.r. *And all should think him Heav'ns*.